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A
MEMOIR
OF
MR. JOSEPH SEDGWICK,

*Late Pastor of the Church assembling in Ebenezer
Chapel, Brighton.*

WITH
Copious Extracts from his Correspondence & Diary,

TOGETHER WITH THE

ADDRESSES DELIVERED AT THE INTERMENT,
THE FUNERAL SERMON, &c.



"Nothing ought ever to be said of me but that I loved the truth from necessity, and shall be an eternal monument of Grace ! Grace ! Grace!"—*From the Diary of the Deceased.*

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this little volume to the Christian public, it may be proper to say that, perhaps, there is nothing of a really novel, or particularly striking character in it, beyond other works of the same kind ; yet it is hoped there are some things which will carry with them, under the Divine anointings of the Holy Spirit, "a sweet savour of Christ" to the heart, and prove useful and refreshing to many who are yet travellers in the desert.

The subject of this memoir was a man of an exceedingly warm temperament of mind, and of strong affections ; coldness, preciseness, and formality, formed no part of his composition. He could not have existed in an ice-house of form and ceremony ; but wherever he found a genuine, generous, open, warm-hearted godliness, he was in his element. His sensibilities were very acute. Meanness, dissimulation, and treachery, were his perfect abhorrence, while he never failed to discover

a lively delight in truth and integrity, and a keen sense of kindness.

As a minister of Christ, he was strictly an *original*; his thoughts were deep, spiritual, and savoury; and *that* which he thought, felt, handled, and tasted of the word daily, was his pulpit theme from time to time. Hence there was a freshness, a vitality, a sweetness in his ministry, which made it particularly acceptable, and especially to his own people, who never grew tired of it. His manner was warm, energetic, earnest, and solemn, without any studied action or affectation. As he felt the word, so he declared it in truth and simplicity. He was led into a deep acquaintance with the plague of his own heart, and was favoured to know and enjoy the salvation of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. It was his peculiar delight to set forth "Christ crucified" as the only source of peace, hope, and joy, as believed in, and relied upon through the power of the Holy Spirit; nor could he live happy nor preach happily, but as he had communion with the Father, and the Son, by the Spirit. He was an experimental Trinitarian.

As a pastor, he was much beloved and respected by his flock. He knew how to sympathize with them in their troubles, both spiritual and temporal, and to "speak a word in season to him that was weary." By a hint or

a look he could check the froward and unruly, and was loved and feared like a father who knows well how to govern his family ; and they all looked up to him as a ruler and guide in the house of God. His friendship was permanent, and not in general hastily formed ; but once formed, it was not soon broken ; hence, those whom he loved in his youth were the companions of his riper age, even till his death.

It was always an anxious matter with him, that he might be kept from falling, and disgracing the sacred office he sustained, and the truths he preached and loved ; and, well knowing human depravity and frailty, this, in the hand of the Lord, made him *go softly*. And through the tender mercy of God, he finished his course honourably, respected throughout the town of Brighton ; deeply lamented by his church and congregation, and beloved by many sincere friends in town and country.

It has been the aim in the following sheets, not to draw a portrait of the man, and say, is it like ? but to give the man himself as *existing* in his own narrative, diary, and letters, through a period of thirty years. And, it will be easily perceived, by his diary *particularly*, that he had lost none of his *spirituality*, freshness, love to his work or energy in it, down to his last sermon. It is believed by his friends, that his fruitfulness as a min-

ister is yet further to be developed, and that many are at this time under religious impressions through his ministry, who have not yet been brought to make a public profession of their faith in Christ.

In compiling this brief memoir, the aim has been to give the greatest *substance* in the *smallest compass* : (large volumes are looked at, but not often read ; who reads a folio ?) The *italics* and *capitals* in his diary and letters are given as they were found in his writings ; and whatever the critical grammarian may find in his *verbal emphases* to disapprove and censure, those who are acquainted with his style of preaching and writing, will immediately perceive the *marked emphasis* he would give to the words so distinguished, and the peculiarity of thought which then struck his mind.

The Funeral Sermon, and the Address at the Funeral were delivered without the least idea of their being published ; they were taken down by a reporter who attended unknown to the speakers, and would not have been published but for the wish of the friends. The sermon is a very plain and simple matter ; and in such plainness and simplicity it was purposely delivered, there being a very large concourse of persons present, many of whom, probably, knew very little about Divine things ; and to reach their consciences and inform their minds

on such a momentous subject, under the divine blessing, was the aim of the preacher. Such as it is, however, it is presented to the reader in love.

That the blessing of the triune God may attend the perusal of the following pages to the comfort and refreshing of the souls of his people, is the earnest prayer of theirs to serve in the gospel of Christ,

SAMUEL MILNER.

25, Stepney Causeway,

July 20, 1853.

A MEMOIR, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

I would describe him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge.
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.—COWPER.

THE gospel of the ever blessed God has ever been a matter that has confounded the wise and prudent of this world ; nor has their wisdom been less confounded by the instruments which the Lord has been pleased to employ for its publication and success. That fishermen, tax-gatherers, and the like should be called, and commissioned to go forth, and should by the “Preaching of the cross” overturn the religion, the customs, and the habits of nations ; should reform their vices, and establish a new religion ; should effect a great moral change, and set up a spiritual kingdom ; and all this *in opposition* to kings, priests, statesmen, laws, lusts, and prejudices ; and that they should succeed against such opposition, shews, in a manner language fails to describe, the unfrustrable wisdom, and all-subduing power of God. And we have neither doubt nor fear but that the stone cut out of the mountain without hands will smite the image and fill the earth. Dan. ii.

When we come to our own times and connexions we see something similar on a smaller scale, but substantially the same. Men born in humble life, receiving little or no education, growing up the same as others,

"Lovers of 'pleasure' and sin, thoughtless about their souls, God, or eternity ; the last, perhaps, which by men would have been thought of as likely to stand in any prominent position in life, are bye and bye arrested; and presently begin to speak of "Jesus and the resurrection." Wiser men even in the church may be ready to censure them as unfit, and condemn their proceedings as being rash and presumptuous. But the Lord blesses, doors are opened, souls are renewed, churches are raised, chapels are built, and all are compelled to acknowledge that "This is the Lord's doing ; it is marvellous in our eyes." Herein we see the truth of Paul's testimony : "And God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.—That no flesh might glory in his presence."—1 Cor. i. 27—29.

EARLY LIFE.

In presenting the following pages to the church of God, the family, and friends of the dear departed, our anxious concern has been to give *the man* in his own dress, his own thoughts and language. And as he published some account of his calling, his call to the ministry, &c., in a pamphlet some years since, you are here presented with it as it came from his own hand, excepting the omission of a part of a page, and the preliminary remarks. He says,—

In the year 1797, I first opened my eyes upon this world of sorrow, disappointment, and care. My father was a Roman Catholic, my mother quite of a contrary persuasion, a Protestant, of the Baptist denomination, whose kind attention I can never sufficiently acknowledge ; for I was early marked out to bear much bodily affliction, and her unremitting care saved me from being a cripple for life. She was truly anxious for my better interest, and offered sincere prayer for my salvation, as ever a christian *mother* offered for an only son. I well remember being taken by her, and kneeling down with her at the footstool of divine mercy, although at that time I had no saving knowledge of the truth for myself,

but was often, even at that early age, concerned about my future state ; the dreadful thought of being in darkness for ever, the idea of *darkness* filled me with more concern than any other idea of punishment ; but quite in a confusion were all my thoughts respecting another world, having no conception of the evil of sin, nor any proper idea of the way of salvation ; an anxiety to be saved from hell, frequently I know I felt ; and at one time, (of this I have been told by a friend, now alive) she overheard me, sobbing while quite alone, and conversing with myself, when I must have been very young, quite a little child, '*My grandmother is going to heaven, my mother* is going to heaven, but Oh ! what will become of poor ——' This is very simple I acknowledge, but, perhaps, singular for a child not more than three or four years of age. Indeed, I feel convinced that, in very many instances, the Lord visits those whom he is pleased to bring in future years to the saving knowledge of himself, with compunction and concern, even from infancy ; but this is not to be depended on as a positive rule.

I was sometimes taken to the Roman Catholic chapel by my father, but never thought much of that religion being the true way to heaven ; although my mother said but little, there was something so different in her conduct as it had to do with the influences of christianity, that had I gone to hell, it would never have been as a Roman Catholic. I have had too painful an evidence in my family, however moral its professors may be, and enlightened in other matters ; it is a religion of the most desperate ignorance, and its horrid system I am sure, will encourage sin : I mean not to charge the religion as encouraging open crime in our day, but I have known the most amiable of natural dispositions exhibit the rage of a daemon, in opposition to the truth ; though, thank God ! I have lived to see *truth* to be too much for the rage of hell, the craft of priests, and pre-conceived opinions, in one of the most amiable of sisters, some years since deceased ; whose happiness is now to sit at the feet of Jesus. This language may appear strong,

but how can it be otherwise? the church of Rome is the whore of Babylon, drunk with the blood of saints; (Rev. xvii. 5, 6,) the Lord's people must come out from her, lest they should partake of her plagues.

EDUCATION, EMPLOYMENT, AND DEEPER CONVICTIONS.

I received a plain education through the kindness of an uncle, who having known the Lord from his youth, evinced great concern for my welfare: but being removed in providence from our neighbourhood, my father sent me to school, till about fourteen years of age; and having a great delight in the Arts, a door in providence opening, I went to live in a family where I found great kindness for above seven years, during which time I was at my favorite employ; and though an employment in the lowest scale of the Arts, being no more than tinting, or colouring copper-plate engravings, it gave me an opportunity of practising drawing, which, next to preaching the gospel, has ever been my favorite delight.

It was in this situation that truly those awful words of Psalm ii. 3, were verified in a certain sense by me, to a sad extent, "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us."

" Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek an hiding place."

All I wanted was liberty to sin, and, alas! too much I know that liberty was used. I cared for neither God nor heaven, at times, so that I might but enjoy the pleasures that perish in using; for they seemed to me to be worth loosing every thing for. Now I could satisfy myself by practising my favorite pursuit of drawing on the Lord's-day mornings, no longer the checks of conscience disturbing; now the playhouse would have been my far more frequent resort than it was, but my situation in life prevented. Oh it is easy to talk about moral virtue and pious education, both excellent in themselves; but if a man or a woman rests their salvation in these things, they will perish everlastingily.

I am sure human nature, in the best sense you can view it, is no more than the thorn and thistle, in and of itself ; and if these thorns are nourished by temptation, encouraged by opportunity, they will grow to be a dreadful curse upon earth, and fuel for eternal destruction ; and, I speak it to my shame, the devil never had a cheaper servant than myself : and the reason of my not ruining soul and body, my age and not my will preserved me from many temptations, which otherwise I might have fallen into. O Lord God, blessings on thy holy name for preventing mercy.

And I must now say to parents, if you value the interest of your children in this world, and have an opportunity to fix them in their early years where some regard to religion is paid, and the means of grace attended, your conduct is most cruel in not, at all events, making the attempt, to fix your offspring in such situations.

But on the other hand, poverty preventing, opportunities not offering, your dear children cast as it were upon the wide world ; for your consolation, remember, all the Father giveth *shall* come, as certain from among the open profane, as from among the professors of religion.

But, Oh ! how many wretched temptations have thousands escaped, by the kind interposition of a preserving Providence.

I cannot forget, notwithstanding the tremendous wickedness of my nature, I was not happy ; remorse would sometimes seize my mind with most dreadful power ; fully confirming in my experience, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." It is certainly a good remark which I once heard from the pulpit, and it was verified in me, "Sin may be *gratified*, but it never can be *satisfied*." It is a *poor portion*, could we have every earthly desire accomplished, while we are without God, and without hope in the world ; for "what fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed ? for the end of those things *is* death." (Rom. vi. 21.) It is a solemn fact, some who were my companions in

iniquity were permitted to follow the delusions of sense, till they proved the truth of that expression where the Lord saith, "I will laugh at their calamity, and mock when their fear cometh." (Prov. i. 26.) One of them, with whom I was most intimate, my constant companion, ruined a fine constitution; and, by what is called *accident*, was drowned; and thus summoned to give a tremendous account of the deeds done in the body. Oh God! why was I spared? why now recording thy goodness? surely it must be to prove the truth of those expressions, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." "One shall be taken, and the other shall be left." For a merciful God, in the beginning of my mad career, stopped me with a mighty and irresistible power; so that I was saved from *ruin* in this world, and *damnation* in another.

It was not by bringing me to a profession merely; it was not by terrifying my conscience only; for before I was brought to the knowledge of my condition as a lost sinner, and the blessed enjoyment of Christ as a Saviour; my terrors had been sometimes very severe, especially about two years before the time when the irresistible influence of grace prevailed.

It pleased the Lord to visit me with a most serious affliction, by which I was confined for some time; and one night, my bed seemed to shake with my trembling, from the horror of soul, and the dread of hell, I endured; I thought I was dying, and eternity presented awful scenes to me, and had I then left the world, it might have thought I died a penitent: but from what I have known since, it was not *that* repentance that needeth not to be repented of.

After that dreadful night I got better, and meant to be an altered character, and give up all my sins. And the first time I was able to attend the means of grace, I thought it was so blest to me, I should never forget it, for I wept all the time under the word; I can truly say, I scarcely *knew* for what, but one thing I know, it was not from the view of the suitability of Jesus and his great salvation to me; for I was as destitute of any saving

knowledge of Christ as the poor untutored Indian.—I wept from my passions being affected, not my soul renewed ; my affliction soon left me, and all my religion was not long after it ; and the poor wretch that cried out to God from slavish fear, while his mighty hand was upon him, when his hand was removed, that same poor wretch was soon in open rebellion against him. This was bad indeed ; and it would not have been much better ; yea, no better, as it has to do with my eternal welfare, had a *form* of religion been taken up, and nothing of the power experienced ; as well might a man never build, as build on the sand.

Nothing but the same Omnipotent power that created the world can ever, I am sure, upon scriptural assertions and positive experience, create the soul anew in Christ. I intended to save myself by praying, by hearing sermons, by reforming my life throughout : I thought repentance was in my power, and heaven must be my reward, if I did but use my best endeavours ; and this ignorance, this fatal ignorance, while I had been brought up under a sound ministry. The mistakes about religion, I fear, are far more numerous than many are aware of. It is a great mercy, such a declaration is to be found in Isaiah liv. 13. “All thy children shall be taught of the Lord,” and then—great shall be their peace, because it shall not be a false peace, which must prove delusive in the end. Now I know, and rejoice in the truth, there is no peace without the Blood of the Cross : and all our pretensions will avail us nothing, without an interest in the atonement. If there is no blood shed, there can be no remission ; and if there is no application of the blood of Christ, no sound peace to the conscience ; the poor soul may long for safety, and cast out his anchor, but all will fail him ; his vessel must be driven by the storm, and exposed to dreadful dangers, till his anchor finds a proper grounding ; but once let his *hope* be *fixed* in the person and work of Jesus Christ, and all hell shall never drive him from his anchorage. He may have many difficulties to contend

with every day, and a thousand fears every night, and may sing in them all,

“ My anchor, HOPE, shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.”

To effect the ruin of such a soul, it must involve the most awful consequences—The Father’s oath must be *falsified*—The Son’s blood cease to be *efficacious*—The Spirit’s power prove *ineffectual*—The first great promise *overturned*, and—a Trinity in Unity *disappointed*. A promise that Jesus shall bruise the serpent’s head, while the serpent shall bruise his heel, Gen. iii. 15, implying the enemy shall find his *wisdom* overturned, and his *power* destroyed. But for a sinner who has fled for refuge to Jesus, and laid hold of the hope set before him in the gospel, for such a sinner to be lost, Satan must bruise the head of the Redeemer, while himself sustains, comparatively, a trifling degree of injury: the plans of infinite wisdom must be rendered abortive, and Omnipotent power must fail. The awful conclusion must be, upon such principles, a fallen spirit is too powerful for the Lord Jehovah to contend with:—most horrid thought, the Lord preserve the souls of his people from such error, and strengthen their faith in the sovereignty of the Divine character.

The Apostles declared they were witnesses to the truth they testified, and it is being a witness to the truth of Divine sovereignty, and efficacious grace, that makes me that I cannot but tell of his wonders, and speak of his faithfulness.

“ Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say—AMEN.”

Every creature that has been brought from worse than Egyptian darkness, should take up the song of Moses, “ The Lord has triumphed gloriously,” Exod. xv. 1: and every soul that enters the heavenly Canaan, will acknowledge, “ they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand and thine arm, and the light of thy

countenance, because thou hadst a favour unto them." Psalm xli. 3.

CONVERSION.

AN attempt shall now be made to give a true statement of the manner I was brought from every refuge of lies, to hide my guilty soul in the cleft of the rock ; for after the severe illness of which I have given an account, it was too true I returned to the follies, vanities, and wickedness of an ensnaring world, with more rapidity than ever. *But the set time was come* for the prey to be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive to be delivered. (Isa. xlix. 24.)

In the month of August, 1814, I went to the chapel built by G. WHITFIELD, in Tottenham Court Road, London ; and it may not be uninteresting to state how I came to attend that evening there, for in my worst times I used to go to a place of worship once on the Lord's-day ; (like many now, who have something else to do in the morning, but to quiet conscience, or pass away the hour, attend at the close of the day). Leaving home, I said to a relative, who like myself cared for none of these things then, "let us go to Tottenham this evening, for Mr. KEEBLE, (the minister I had heard from a child) he preaches so much about election I am *tired* of hearing it ; I believe it, I said, but I don't like to hear so much about it." When we arrived at the chapel, Mr. DAVIES, now of Walworth, was the preacher ; and his text was taken from Micah vii. 18. "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage. He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy."

This sermon made such an impression on my mind, that when on the Monday in my employment, surrounded with swearing and trifling, and sometimes quarrelling, (for there was a great many working in the same place,) I could not mix with them as I had done ; my mind was troubled ; and going on the Monday evening from

my master's house to my father's, which I generally did once in the week, passing by Compton Street, near St. Giles's church, where a fire had been a short time before, and two persons perished in the flames ; while standing looking at the ruins, with many others : A *powerful peculiar thought* roused my attention—what if I had perished by those flames, what would have become of me ? none can tell but those who have experienced the same things, none can tell what a state my mind was in : my distress was so great, I remember stopping in my way home, and resting at the corner of a street, (it being dark) and my agony of soul was past expression. At length having reached the house, my affectionate mother observing something very particular was the matter, not from what I said, for I never deceived any by my pretensions to religion, and always avoided talking about it till this evening, I could not hide my grief ; but when returning to my master's habitation, an anxious parent followed me out, and none but godly parents can tell what a concern it is, the eternal interest of their children, with what transport they perceive the first tears of repentance flowing from their eyes ; the pains of a believing mother are more than compensated in seeing her children plucked as brands from the burning ; and especially when in answer to prayers that had been ascending for many years ; but just about this time she had become more importunate than ever, I speak this as expressed to me from her own lips ; she heard my dismal tale—she listened to my bitter lamentation—she attempted to point me to Jesus, but I was as dark to a saving sense of the forgiveness of sins, by the precious blood of Christ, as if I had never heard of it. *I tried to pray* again and again, but all was uncertainty and gloom ; my eyes were opened, but only to an apprehension of the darkness that surrounded me ; my soul was quickened, but only to feel I was like the infant cast into the open field, in my sins and in my blood ; I tried hard to learn the words I had heard preached from on the Lord's-day evening, I read them again and again, my memory could

not even retain them, and my soul had no light in them. I read—

“ The promise met my eyes,
But could not reach my case.”

It was a dismal week to me.

The following Lord’s-day, a day never to be forgotten by me, with a burdened mind, I went to the house of God, in the morning, my late honoured friend and pastor, whose name is very precious to my remembrance, Mr. John Keeble, read his text, “ Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.” Ephes. ii. 19. He began the sermon, and I received nothing for some time, till he made use of some expressions that affected my mind ; so much that my body was agitated, such sensations of joy I shall never forget. It was overwhelming when he said, “ Your sins were nailed to the cross of Christ.” Truly the gospel came not in word only, but in power and demonstration of the Spirit. That precious sermon, that holy morning, those mighty words, are never to be forgotten ; when I forget my children, the companion of my bosom ; when the recollection of all that is dear to me in this world is obliterated, when my shattered bark is beating about in the swellings of Jordan, these words, I trust, will not even then be forgotten : When I stand before the judgment seat of Christ, when I hear the final decision, when I enter the regions of felicity—these words are not to be forgotten. These words were the key to unlock my prison door, to bring my soul into liberty, to humble me before God, and enable me to taste the joys of everlasting blessedness.

“ Blessings attend where Jesus reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.”

Some of the blessed effects of the merciful display of Divine power on my behalf, was manifest ; I now found no sin could be encouraged : eternal war was declared

against them ; and darling sins, right hand sins, by God's grace, were cut off, though not without many a struggle ; I proved it was not enough for a man to become *moral*, God requires the heart, and the very thoughts of foolishness I found to be sin. I was brought to pray "turn off my eyes from beholding vanity !" and truly to exclaim before God, I hate vain thoughts ; great tenderness of conscience characterized the time of my first love. I longed for the opportunities to attend the sanctuary, because I so often found Jesus there ; my soul fed on the finest of the wheat, and the service of Christ was perfect freedom.

" O happy day that fix'd my choice,
 On thee my Saviour and my God ;
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.
 "Tis done—the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
 Now rest my long deluded heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful centre rest ;
 With *ashes*, who would grudge to part,
 When called on Angels bread to feast."

Truly I found "wisdom's ways to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths to be paths of peace." The remembrance of the love of my espousals is very delightful. My anticipations of heaven were sweet, and my communion with heaven was constant. "Old things were passed away, and all things were become new."—Every one that I thought loved Christ, I loved them, and was only astonished that any believers could be indifferent to the means of grace ; the coldest rainy nights my warm heart has led me between two and three miles to hear the Wednesday evening lecture. These were happy, happy days, long since past.

BAPTISM.

While attending these lectures one evening, about four months after the Lord had revealed himself to my

soul, the minister addressed the congregation something like this : " You that have been brought out of darkness into marvellous light, to enjoy the blessings of salvation, *go home*, and take the *bible*, and upon your knees ask the Lord if baptism is right."

I slept that night by myself, before I went to bed, with a degree of concern, I took my *bible*, knelt down with it before the Lord, opened to Matthew iii. and read ver. 15. " Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh *us* to fulfil all righteousness," and it appeared to me, in simplicity and sincerity, I hope I received the words as from God ; wherein I beheld Jesus as the great example of his people, going before them, pointing the way to them ; and firmly believing *baptism* to be a divine command, sanctioned by the example of Jesus Christ, I determined, if accepted by the church, to be baptized. And I still feel satisfied in my mind, it is the positive command of God, therefore cannot be *unimportant* ; " If ye love me, keep my commandments."

I was proposed to the church, after some interviews with its valuable minister, and appeared before them to give an account of what God had done for my soul, with many tears, with much trembling, but not without great assistance ; it was a solemn time ; many there, who had known me but a very few months before, the giddy thoughtless creature, and as the world would say, nobody's enemy but my own. They saw me standing to declare how God had arrested me in my career, and had mercy on my soul. There I testified of my belief in the doctrine of the Trinity, in the doctrine of the Deity of Christ, in the doctrine of election, in the doctrine of imputed righteousness, and in the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints to eternal glory : which doctrines I still most solemnly before God *hold*, and believe I ever shall, Amen. Amen.

I was baptized on the 28th of December following the August of which I have written ; and a blessed time it was, for two reasons, my soul sweetly enjoyed Jesus in the ordinance, and my poor sister Mary, of whom I have hinted before, who had been brought up, from two years

of age, in Yorkshire, by the will of my father, *that* one of his children might be a Roman Catholic, after much intreaty was at the place of worship on the evening of my public profession ; and I believe she has never entered a Catholic chapel since.

But let it not be supposed I continued long in so happy, so blessed a state of mind, already noticed ; I was soon called to realize the saying of the kind relation, from whom I received my earliest instructions ; the first time I saw him after the change wrought in my soul. "Ah !" said he, "if you are a soldier, you must fight." And so I have found it ; a volatile disposition, with the corruptions so congenial to the temptations of youth, have often made bitter work for my soul. I had a particular dread of bringing disgrace upon the cause of God ; and the idea of being separated from a Christian society pierced my very soul ; many a time have I been nearly down, but thy mercy, O Lord, held me up. Once particularly, was my heart distressed with the thought, I should fall into some gross sin ; but these words were applied with some sweet power to my mind :—

"Jesus my Lord, I *know* his name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

And the greatest trial was on that night. I had been left to go to the very verge of the evil, and had I not been checked by a kind and merciful God, I should have fallen into the sin. And well may the Apostle say ; "flee youthful lusts that war against the soul." This cost me dreadful pain, I feared whether I had not embraced the temptation in my heart, and ought to make a confession in the church of which I was then a member, lest I should drink unworthily of the sacramental cup, or prove an Achan in the camp ; but after much suffering the Lord delivered me, from an expression by my dear pastor, "Be thankful if you have escaped by the skin of your teeth." He knew nothing of my trouble, but God did, and sent the word and healed me. This is but one of many temptations I could

mention ; but it will be enough for to take an occasion to advise my Christian readers not to think there is any iniquity you may not suffer by, and fall into, however horrid, if opportunity offers, and you are left to your own depravity ; and never, if in trouble, keep the *devil's secrets* ; much misery did I suffer from not opening my mind to some prudent faithful friend, who was not ignorant of Satan's devices. It is one thing to fall to the disgrace of the cause into open iniquity, and another to feel the rising of corruption ; however it may be to the destruction of your comfort for the time, it is a blessing to be saved, although *but* scarcely saved ; and in this, blessed be God, my prayer has been answered ; He has not only kept my soul from death, my eyes from tears, but my feet from *falling*. And may I ever wish to remember, and call upon the dear people of God to remember, "A man cannot take fire into his bosom, and his clothes not be burned." (Prov. vi. 27.)

It pleased God to direct me in the choice of a companion, of good sense and solidity of disposition, joined with a conscientious regard for religion, and a real attachment to the Saviour. She, in our former acquaintance, and to the present moment, has proved a great blessing to me ; particularly at a time when some young people, with whom we were intimately connected in church fellowship, became undetermined on points of *great* importance, relative to the personality of the Spirit, and the principle implanted in the soul at regeneration ; and at length a part of them entered into the withering error of *Sabellianism* ; the Lord preserved me, glory be to his name ! by his goodness I was kept from so great a delusion ; for Sabellians and Sandemanians dwell in a wretched *chilling* atmosphere ; no holy zeal, no heavenly love, no purifying hope, can prosper among them. It is only by honouring the Son, as we honour the Father, even by believing and confessing "he *is* God over all, blessed for evermore," that the soul can prosper. He having a divine subsistence in the essence, Jehovah, equal with the Father and Holy Ghost, *unbe-*

gotten and underived, and he is our Immanuel, God in our nature.

I was married in the year 1819 ; my prospects in life were very pleasing ; but I almost lost sight of the giver in the gifts. My foolish heart cleaved to the world, and though kept from open transgressions, sadly sunk into mental declension ; "there was an aching void, the world could never fill." I had known much of the joys of salvation, but I then knew what it was to leave my first love. Well might the poet say,

"Were I possessor of the earth,
And called the stars my own ;
Without thy graces and thyself,
I were a wretch undone."

My merciful God and Father left me not without some intimations of what is expressed in Hosea xi. 8 : "How shall I give thee up Ephraim ? how shall I deliver thee Israel ? how shall I make thee as Admah ? how shall I set thee as Zeboim ? mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together." Several instances of this truth was realized by me ; I shall mention but two ; the Lord powerfully broke in upon my mind, and as suddenly as it was powerful, applied these words to my heart :—

"And have I Christ no love to thee,
No passion for thy charms ?
No wish my Saviour's face to see,
And dwell within his arms ?"

At another time, while reading Bunyan's Holy War, the Lord gave me such a blessing, the savor of it is to this moment *very* precious, it so suited my *case* ; the Lord having revived my desires, "I sought my beloved, but my beloved was gone." Bunyan speaking of the distress of *Mansoul*, at the answers they had received from *Emmanuel*, or rather as in the case of the petition presented by one *Would Live*, who was sent away in silence ; they petition again, and are confounded at the answer ; they yet resolve to petition again, and so delightful is the account, and having proved so useful to my soul, I shall give, in Bunyan's own words ; when

the petition was drawn up, who should carry it was the question,—“ Now there was an old man in the town, and his name was *Good Deed* : a man that bore *only* the name, but had nothing of the nature of the thing: some were for sending him, but the Recorder was by no means for that ; ‘ for,’ said he, ‘ we now stand in need of, and are pleading for mercy, wherefore to send our petition by a man of his name, will seem to cross the petition itself.’ ‘ Besides,’ quoth the old gentleman, ‘ should the *prince* now, as he receives the petition, ask him, and say, what is thy name? (and nobody knows but he will) and he should say old *Good Deed*, what think you would *Emmanuel* say but this—Aye, is old *Good Deed* yet alive in *Mansoul*? then let old *Good Deed* save you from your distresses ; and if he says so, I am sure we are *lost*, nor can a thousand of old *Good Deeds* save *Mansoul*.’ After the Recorder had given in his reasons why old *Good Deed* should not go with this petition to *Emmanuel*, the rest of the prisoners and chiefs of *Mansoul* opposed it also ; and old *Good Deeds* was laid aside, and they agreed to send *Mr. Desires-awake* again. Now *Mr. Desires-awake*, when he saw that he must go this errand, besought that they would grant *Mr. Wet Eyes* might go with him. Now this *Wet Eyes* was a near neighbour of *Mr. Desires-awake*, a poor man, a man of broken spirit, yet one that could speak well to a petition ; so they granted that he should go with him, wherefore they address themselves to their business. *Mr. Desires-awake* put a *rope* upon his head, and *Mr. Wet Eyes* went with his hands wringing together : and having thus come unto the pavilion, and making many apologies, *Mr. Desires-awake* cast himself prostrate upon the ground, at the feet of the mighty *Prince*, saying, ‘ Oh that *Mansoul* may live before thee ! ’ so he delivered his petition.” These are precious words, fitly spoken, like “ apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

The Lord in great mercy laid some very heavy afflictions on me ; and I can truly say, “ Now I know that thy judgments are right, and in faithfulness thou hast afflicted me.” In one instance my stroke was heavier

than my groaning, a bodily affliction of the most distressing nature : the thought of my sufferings then, at this day makes me *shudder*. I had one passage sweetly applied to me in my calamity, "Hope in God." Not long after, I was severely chastened with a nervous disorder, and my dread of losing my reason pressed heavy on my soul ; for I had witnessed that calamity *in one*, whose constant intoxication had brought on the disease in its most terrifying forms ; and the temptation of losing our reason is most appalling ; the thought of being confined from my connexions and dearest earthly delights, I never can describe ; but thank God I was in a great measure delivered from the horrid suggestions by this thought : suppose I am removed from my friends, and should be so dreadfully afflicted, God *would be with me then*. "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished." (2 Peter ii. 9.)

In one short year from my marriage, my health was much impaired, my prospects in providence all blasted, and last, not least, my affectionate companion, to all human appearance, for several days, in the prospect of death. But God heard prayer, and spared her to be a kind fellow-helper in tribulations yet to be endured.

ENGAGEMENT IN THE MINISTRY.

I HAVE particularly to solicit the exercise of candour, Christian feeling, and sound judgment, in the observations that follow :—It must be a matter of some consequence, to know whether the *Christian ministry* is to be taken up merely upon the possession of a talent to speak with fluency, on *any* subject ; and such an engagement being congenial to the feelings of such persons, particularly as a respectable profession ; whether any *farther* qualification is necessary, than a good moral character, and some degree of ability. If this is *all*, we may confidently listen to *every* preacher ; believing we are likely to derive in-

struction as from God's servant. But surely this is not all, there must be some revelation given, some satisfactory evidence from the Divine oracles upon this *most important subject*, as well as upon matters comparatively of *less* import. To preach the gospel, with any hope of success, must surely be connected with a man's receiving his message *from* God ; and the church has reason for gratitude they are not left without many, very many, positive directions, and suitable encouragements, from the King of Zion.

There are three very distinct passages in the scripture, which I would recommend the Christian reader to peruse ; not because they are the most appropriate, but as most immediately bearing on our attention at this time. The first, a promise given. The second, a duty and privilege enjoined : and the third, character described.

1st. "I will *give* you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." Jer. iii. 15. That something important is conveyed in the words, must be admitted.

2ndly. "The harvest *is* great, but the labourers are few : pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would *send* forth labourers into his harvest." Matt. x. 2. Think of this scripture : prayer *must* be made : the man must be SENT, and by *whom* ? let conscience speak, as at the bar of God : for many are spoken of, Jer. xxiii. 21, 22. "I have not sent these prophets, *yet they have ran* ; I have not spoken to them, *yet they prophesied*. But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their *evil ways*, and from the *evil* of their doings." Whoever the Lord sends, it is not as an easy, comfortable, independent, time-serving *speculator* ; but as a labourer, whose employment demands his attention in all *weathers*, in all *dangers*, and at all *risks*, for if he is a *man pleaser*, he cannot be the servant of Christ. Gal. i. 10. His preaching of the word must be in season and out of season, 2 Tim. iv. 2 ; and having received mercy, he faints not, 2 Cor. iv. 1.

3dly. The character is described in 2 Tim. ii. 2. *Faithful* men is the characteristic ; men who shall not *shun* to declare the *whole* counsel of God ; thus proving themselves to be the true servants of Jesus, by delivering a message worthy of God, as a *Sovereign* to *send*, and suited to the condition of those addressed. These thoughts and passages of Holy writ are affectionately recommended to the Christian reader, for their most sober deliberation. The writer makes no pretensions to superior judgment, but as a dying man, and as before a holy and jealous God, declares his firm conviction these matters are not sufficiently investigated and attended to ; and as there are gradations in the offices of the sanctuary, 1 Cor. xii. 28, without presumption, it is hoped, the writer can prove, he has been appointed to the honourable, although inferior, situation, of persons denominated *Helps*.

As many young men, when first enlightened by the Spirit of truth, I had frequent impressions I should preach the gospel : and I am well satisfied my zeal was greater than my knowledge. And it was no small mercy I had been directed to join a church, from the most conscientious motives ; and the sanction, the approbation of such a church appeared to me of great consequence ; and I have never had reason to lament the deference I felt for such authority. The minister kindly evidenced his fatherly care, by advice to study much the Word of God ; intimating another day I might be called to the honorable employment of preaching Jesus ; but he had too much regard for the divine glory, and my welfare, to advise an engagement in such an office, till he had solid ground to hope the will of God was made evident. It was *his* opinion, and stated from the pulpit, the voice of *grace*, the voice of God in providence, was necessary to a Christian minister ; and *he thought the voice of God in the church* was expedient ; considering if a member had a gift for the ministry, it was to their (the church's) honor to encourage such a gift ; and it was for *them* to judge of the same.

But with all the kindness I *had* experienced, and all

the impressions I had been the subject of, the path to the ministry was not *spread with roses*. Indeed, it appeared a settled matter for some time with me, I was not intended for it ; but occasionally I used to take a part in a conference meeting, held once a week at the chapel ; it was never much encouraged ; and an unhappy misunderstanding with the persons engaging, caused it to be broken up ; and with that, all opportunity of an exercise I then delighted in. This I considered quite a sufficient proof I should never have an opportunity again of speaking about him whom my soul loveth, for these meetings were so precious to me, because I could UNBURDEN my mind by communicating the meditations of my heart. Still the fire burned, and I know no word so adapted as this to my feelings ; it was a most distressing fire. Many tears, many cries, many groans, the Lord was witness to ; and anxious to know the Divine will concerning me, for I felt any trouble would be desirable, if the Lord would but make a way for me to preach Christ and Him crucified. And after all the anxiety I endured for seven or eight years, more or less all the time, but particularly the latter part of that time, and six years that I have been engaged in the work, if I know any thing of my heart, I can say with good Mr. Love, who was beheaded on Tower Hill, for the cause of religion, "I would sooner preach Christ, than be the greatest monarch in the world." As far as a poor erring mortal can know himself, truly this is the language of my soul.

Having suffered much in my mind, and never acquainting any one with it, my pride and circumstances in life preventing it ; the dread of man's contempt, the fear, the slavish fear, of my fellow creatures, was a dreadful snare ; but the Lord kindly appeared for me. Our minister, one morning, spoke from this text, "How shall they preach except they are sent," Rom. x. 15. I had never opened my mind to him, and all thoughts of preaching seemed buried respecting myself by others ; in the course of his sermon, he made these remarks in effect :—"If there should be any perplexed, and in

great trouble of mind, relative to the ministry, open your mind to some friend, and cast yourselves upon the church, and let them endeavour to judge."

I went home, and the thought of what a sacrifice of feeling I must make, distracted me. I opened my bible on this part, in Jonah iii. 2, "Arise, go unto Ninevah, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching, I bid thee." It was entirely what is called *accidentally*, I cast my eyes immediately upon the words, but I believe I was directed to them by an unerring Power. Still the idea of opening the mind, the dread of refusal, I thought would have drove me out of my senses ; if any ever strove hard against themselves, I did at that time ; but after endeavouring in prayer and soberness to come to a conclusion, I addressed a letter to the minister, delivered my sentiments upon a passage at the deacon's house by appointment twice, was proposed to the church. It was agreed for me to exercise my gift for some time ; and I began, my mind miserably barren ; scarcely any light in the Word, with the exception of one instance, during the whole appointed time ; and that one instance was from those words, "The just shall live by faith." (Heb. x. 38.) And after the severe exercise for about six months, there was a large majority in the church, I should be encouraged to go forth in the name of the Lord.

Having exceeded my first intention, in what I have written, I will not therefore detain the reader much longer ; only to observe, if the testimony of the children of God being comforted by my weak instrumentality—if their testimony, some of them on their death beds—if the conversion of sinners from the error of their ways—if the offending of those that *cannot* endure *sound* doctrine—if the disappointing of those that would curse Israel and defy Jacob—if these things are any proof the Lord has had mercy upon me, and honored my most feeble attempt for his glory, I am happy to say, I am not without such proof.

The exercises of mind, some instances of the Divine goodness since my more immediate engagement in the

work of the Lord ; the raising of the second Baptist interest in this town, difficulties surmounted, and blessings intimated, must be left for the present ; and if at any future time, there shall appear a *need* for it, I hope to be directed in giving a fair statement, to the honor of Divine mercy.

“ Now to the Lord, whose power can do,
More than our thoughts or wishes know ;
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ *his* Son.”

WATTS.

We have so far his own account of himself, as published by him in the year 1828, between five and six years after his first visit to Brighton.

In a letter now before me, kindly written by his dear widow, we are informed, he was sent out by the church in Blandford-street in the summer of 1822, and in January, 1823, at the request of Mr. Ball, now of Wandsworth, he made his first visit to Brighton, and preached to some friends who had separated from the church at Bond-street, at that time under the care of Mr. Packer. He was heard with much interest ; Mrs. Goffe, who was a fellow member with him at Blandford-street, and several other friends, were exceedingly attached to his ministry from this time. During that year he preached in different places as an itinerant, but in the course of the summer, Mr. and Mrs. Goffe, with some other friends, being in London, they invited him, with his wife and little boy, to spend a week at Brighton. They accordingly went down, and he preached at Mr. Packer’s, and at Patcham, a village about three miles distant from Brighton. Here the Lord raised up to him two faithful friends in Mr. and Mrs. Cutress, who not long since went to their rest. These good friends had for many years opened their house for the preaching of the gospel ; and here, says Mrs. S., we were received, and here my husband’s ministry commenced. The following letter written by Mr. Sedgwick, and which seems to connect these matters, is dated Nov. 12, 1823.

To Mr. and Mrs. Goffe.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I seize an opportunity to answer your kind letter of the 4th inst., hoping you will pardon its not being done before, on account of a variety of circumstances. I trust now faithfully to answer whether the idea of my coming to Sussex has been well examined. I say, "Thy will be done;" but whether *that* is my Father's will, remains for time to prove.

Respecting Bayswater, I shall leave them; and with this the people are acquainted. They were not surprised at my information, remarking that, for some time my affections had been at Brighton. This would not be a sufficient reason, was not my judgment also concerned; but I can say, head and heart join in looking towards you as the spot for future labours. God's will be done. My times are in his hand, and may he shine upon the path my feet should go. I hope I do commit it to him; circumstances too in town seem to say, my work is done here.

With respect to what you say concerning those that oppose, what can I expect? Perhaps the devil, remembering the past, may dread the future. God is a sovereign, and he will work, and none shall let it. Therefore, whatever is said, the Lord's will be done; and may you, my friends, know much of that soul-humbling, but refreshing presence of him who is all in all. May you be directed in that path where your souls may flourish; and may that kind Providence, which has blessed you above many, cause you to say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," &c. When I see you we can talk, for I am no scribe you will see by my writing. I am not on the mount of communion, but I am on the Rock of ages; am very faint, very distressed, but not destroyed. My way is through poverty and darkness, but my precious God's will be done. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me—I sometimes sink in deep waters—the heart knoweth its own bitterness, but what a mercy the Lord knows it too! O for acquiescence in the Divine will! I sometimes think my way is hid from the Lord, but it is only his way is often hid from me.

Farewell; may God bless and keep you to his honour;

and when you come to die give you a bright prospect of a crown of glory, and you will give him all the praise. My dear wife's love to you ; we all join in Christian affection to the lovers of Christ, such as Mr. and Mrs. Vine, Cutress, Silverson, and a great many more ; tell them I am like a soldier waiting for orders from above, I long to hear from them : may God direct them.

Yours in Christian love,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

This letter clearly shews the state of his mind respecting Brighton, and the friends there. Mrs Sedgwick further writes in her fore-mentioned letter, that,

"Coming again to Brighton at the end of the year, and preaching with great acceptance, several friends signed an invitation to him to come for three months, to preach in the surrounding villages ; and myself and children were to have lodgings with the Patcham friends. We came down accordingly to that place on Dec. 4, 1823, with our two children. After we had come to Patcham, there was a hanging back on the part of some who had invited us from keeping up the means of support, and the expenses attending the ministry. But our dear and valued friend, Mrs. Goffe, with great energy and perseverance, raised forty pounds the first quarter. Mr. S. preached at Hurst, on Lord's-day mornings, and at Patcham in the evenings, villages five miles apart. But in a very short time rooms were taken at Brighton, where he preached in the morning, then rode to Hurst to speak in the afternoon, and then at Patcham in the evening ; but this labour was too great to be continued. The preaching at Brighton prospered exceedingly ; and the congregation increasing, other rooms were taken in Cavendish-street. A church was eventually formed of eleven persons, and the large room at the Old Ship Tavern was hired for preaching on Lord's-days, which was crowded to the doors. His ministry was received with great acceptance, and was much blessed. The church was formed on the 21st of March, 1824 ; Mr. George Comb, and Mr. House were present ; and it was

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fixed to have the ordination on the 2nd of July following ; Mr. Keeble had promised to be there, and Mr. Sedgwick quite anticipated the matter. Mr. Keeble was to have given Mr. S. his charge, but Providence had otherwise appointed ; he died, and Mr. George Comb stood in his place. The ordination took place at the Ship Tavern room, July 2nd, 1824."

The Lord continued greatly to bless the word to crowded congregations ; and the necessity of a more commodious and convenient place of worship was much felt ; the preliminary matters in connexion with building a place being got over, and the building erected, the opening of the new chapel took place ; concerning which, I find the following items in his own handwriting. Wednesday, 13th April, 1825, Ebenezer Chapel was opened for the professed purpose of worshipping a triune Jehovah, in Richmond-street, Brighton-stone, Sussex. Mr. John Stevens, of Soho, London, preached in the morning a solid, judicious, deep sermon. In the afternoon, though straitened, I spoke from Psa. cxxxii. 5 : "A place for the Lord." O God, for Christ's sake, may it prove so ! Amen, Amen, Amen. May peace and prosperity attend us ! Amen. In the evening Mr. Heap, of Bury-street, St. Mary Axe, preached a spiritual, lively, profitable sermon.

I find an item on the same paper with the foregoing account, dated Saturday, April 16th, that is, the Saturday after the opening, which reads thus : "My mind feels much concern, bordering on distraction ; evil propensities fill me with darkness and confusion ; when I take a retrospect of God's mercy, and look at my pride, unbelief, and rebellion, no wonder my mind is sorrowful and unsettled ; but Jesus Christ is the 'same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' O for more faith to believe, and more grace that sin may be detected, rejected, and abhorred." And another :— "Lord's-day, April 24th. Attended prayer-meeting at seven o'clock ; good time ; preached from Psa. li. 10, this morning, and found some sweet refreshments from a covenant Head. Blessed be God ! I am not without

hope still, and it must be a good hope, founded as it is on the veracity of God, who cannot deny himself."

Thus, then, our brother entered upon his pastoral labours, under a deep sense of his own natural depravity as a sinner, and dependant on his heavenly Father for preservation, and ministerial supply. He was in *earnest*; he *meant work*; it was no speculation with him. He never pandered to the vices of professors, nor sought applause by buffoonery. He felt the importance of the work he was engaged in, and was never content unless he felt the truth he preached impressed on his own heart. He thought it, as Cowper says,—

"—— Pitiful

To court a grin, when you should win a soul;
 To break a jest, when pity should inspire
 Pathetic exhortation; and to address
 The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
 When sent with God's commission to the heart!
 No: he was serious in a serious cause,
 And understood too well the weighty terms,
 That he had tak'n in charge."

In looking over his diary (which was not kept regularly) I find many pertinent remarks, and excellent observations; and they all go to shew that the Lord had mercifully kept up a keen sensibility of feeling in connection with religion in his own heart, which is one of the greatest blessings with which a minister can be blessed; but there is a difficulty in making those selections which may be most appreciated, and of which we may hope the blessing of our God may more abundantly own to his dear people.

The first which we shall introduce is a paper wafered in his diary, and reads as follows:

Monday morning, August 10th, 1829.—I sit down to write of one of the severest exercises of mind I have experienced for some time. Last Saturday I had I thought a good day in study, on that passage, Psa. lxii. "Power belongeth unto God." In the evening, after study, I took up a book with this remark respecting a minister: "The bearer of the message spoke as if the

worm that bore it could add grace* to the tidings he conveyed to his fellow-worm." I cannot express my sensations ; they were penetrating. Oh God ! (in mind I exclaimed) by the blood of Christ, by every thing sacred and awful, may I never be found, in any sense, by any gift of mine, honouring myself instead of simply, sincerely, entirely, and only honouring Thee ! I tried to to pray ; the sight of my heart was like unto a deep well, I could see no bottom. Oh, 'twas a solemn, yea, a dreadful feeling ; the remembrance of which causeth me to say, my soul is humbled within me. The heart, the human heart, who can know it ? None but God. God be merciful to me a sinner. There is nothing for reason to lay hold of in such a season. In prayer I said, Lord, the brightest morning is sometimes succeeded by the darkest night ; and my mind had some sweet relief in the thought that, the darkest night is sometimes succeeded by the brightest morning. Some little relief I obtained in prayer from these words, "Come and let us reason together." My sins appeared like *scarlet*, like *crimson* ; *my heart sins double, double dyed* ; yet I could faintly see the infinite value of the blood of Christ. How powerful, how glorious is this ! However deep the human heart, sovereign grace is deeper, deeper, deeper still. But I had no peculiar revelation, no vision ; but the Lord enlightened my understanding to perceive the wisdom of God in a mystery, the wisdom *hidden* in God from nature, but revealed to faith, so that I could yet hope in Him. I was not happy ; my soul again seemed to sink in deep waters, and could I have run from the ministry I certainly should then. But in the evening, when talking with a friend, my mind was somewhat relieved ; and now I could not fly from my post for fear of dishonouring God. I knew the Lord had made my conscience tender, and the remembrance of Cowper was very consolatory :

"Can one, tender of thine honour, go to hell ?"

* Let not this be misunderstood ; it is not meant grace as the peculiar favour of God. But that I by my preaching, my life, my study, could set off the subject, and thus tarnish its glory by my own. Oh shocking thought ! Lord help us !

Such were my feelings in the struggle, that I knew my sins, my heart sins, exposed me to hell. And “ I remembered God and was *troubled* ;” but it was a comfortable thought that the Lord had made my conscience tender. A passage, the same evening also, the Lord gave me, “ Blessed is the man that endureth temptation ; for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.”— And then, “ Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord ; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.”

January 5th, 1832.—This is the anniversary of my marriage, thirteen years ago, in which time my wife has borne me seven children. How can I look back without deep humiliation, on account of my many sins and sorrows, since the day of which this reminds me ! How evidently true it is, the married shall have trouble in the flesh ! Yet what a merciful providence for many of the Lord’s family is the institution ! what great privileges are connected therewith ! how true “ He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord :” Prov. xviii. 22. And therefore, notwithstanding the troubles, anxieties, and difficulties such a state necessarily involves, oh how the Lord can overrule, humble, and sanctify all for his glory, and his children’s good. It is no small mercy to recognize the kind hand of God towards us since our union. He hath provided for us in a manner unexpected and undeserved ; and for the future, we must cast ourselves with children and concerns, on the wisdom, love, and mercy of our covenant God and Father in Christ. Amen.

“ His love in times past forbids me think
He’ll leave me at last in trouble to sink ;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.”

Thursday Evening, 8th.—Preached from Isaiah xli. 14—16. I scarcely know what to say about it, so often my unprofitable times have been overruled for the good of others, and my times of pleasure I have heard

nothing of them. After all, in a great measure, the net is *under* water ; and when drawn to land we shall know more about it. The Lord works by feeble means ; and he must indeed, if he works at all by me.

Saturday Night, 31st.—Looking forward for to-morrow ; hope to be employed in the blessed services of the precious sanctuary. O Lord, shine upon us ! make it a good day to sinner and saint. Oh, I find when confined from meeting with the people of God at the house of prayer, how hard it is. Many things are very hard, and this is one, to be kept at home from the Lord's house. I have, ever since the Lord sent me forth, been wonderfully favoured in this matter. If it is God's will, may my work and life end together ! it must be well.

Monday, 10th.—A friend, Mary H. called ; poor girl, she has been in much trouble respecting what I said to her lately by way of caution. She did not quite take it as meant. Was much pleased with an interview. Her spirit is excellent, her conversation savoury ; she, I feel persuaded, is a real Christian. We spoke of the exercises of the mind of a believer ; plainly I told her of the corruption of our nature, and how true it is often, that what in itself is spiritual and holy, the adversary takes the opportunity of turning to carnal objects, that God may, in his cause, be blasphemed, and the soul go mourning to the grave. How gracious to be kept, and yet never to trust in ourselves ; for let but the restraint be taken off, and the scent of what is fleshly be presented, and our nature, like the cruel tiger, will bound forth, and prove what it is in itself to our misery.

I have been thinking this morning of Elisha curing the waters which were barren : the Lord appeared.—“The situation of the city is pleasant, but the water is naught, and the ground is barren :” 2 Kings ii. 19.—Is it not so where the gospel has not been the power of God to salvation ? Is it not so in the persons who have a splendid profession ? Is it no so in dark providences or trials with the child of God ? It is all very pleasant but for these trials, which are *so bad !* God can by his grace heal the waters ; he alone can ! Go to him, my

precious soul, for salt, that savoury, preserving, healing grace, which is the salvation of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is what we want, more salt ; God give us more to preserve us, to make us savoury, and to heal all our diseases !

Thursday.—The same person who spoke for me last Monday evening preached, and we gave him a collection. The case being very necessitous, and he a man of truth. Came home and learned the Lord's goodness to me and my family. The Lord had mercy on us. One of my children having put the candle near the window curtain, it caught fire, and in a few minutes the whole room and house must have been in a blaze. God in his infinite mercy prevented it ; not a hair of my children's heads hurt. Thanks be unto my covenant God and Father. Our Hannah, the Lord gave her sufficient presence of mind, and by God's blessing, she by herself got it under. Ah, what a scene to be called out of chapel, and behold my house on fire ! But God in his mercy prevented it. What, had the children, or one of them been burnt ? O God protect us ! in mercy still bless us !

February 16th, 1833.—I have long neglected putting down my texts, but am stirred up this day to record the Lord's continuing mercies to me since I last wrote in this book. Especially would I now remember the interposition of the Lord in redeeming my life from destruction. On the 4th of February, I went to London on business matters ; and the Lord was very merciful to me. I preached at Mr. Foreman's chapel, and also at Mr. Lucombe's, and I hope the Lord made it a blessing. I had a good week in London, but returning on Saturday, one of the post horses fell, and by some means I fell, and being heavy, it was likely to have been a serious matter. Mr. S_____ 's servant fell from the box at the same time. He told me the wheels were just over me. It was a *wonderful deliverance*, through the goodness of my covenant God, who has spared me a little longer. Oh, that his truth may be more and more manifested by me in every place ! “ Bless the Lord, O

my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." Amen.

October 3.—How I have to mourn under depression ; my weakness of spirits is distressing. Spoke last night from Jer. xxiv. 7. Was led much into the view of this truth. To us, love is made through mercy ; thus we being reconciled to God, have an understanding of his great love, wherewith he hath loved us. And it is a blessed truth to insist upon, because by it the believer is encouraged, and the unbeliever manifested. We can only have access to God through Christ ; we can only have peace through Christ. I have been much exercised ; I fear a want of savour in my ministry. God in mercy prevent me from barrenness of mind ! It is dreadfully hard to preach without a feeling sense of the Spirit's unction, and power. I fear sometimes I have no talent for preaching ; it is a mercy for me I have really been accepted at all—no doubt the Lord sees right to humble me deeply. "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." O for more boldness of spirit, more savour, more usefulness, more reliance, more wisdom, more gratitude ! I believe it would be our mercy if we would take up our cross instead of going round it, and going from it.

In a memorandum of a letter written to a friend, he says,—“Our carrying the cross may be and is very unpleasant, as it must have been to Simon whom they compelled to bear his cross : Matt. xxvii. 32. Now let us recollect that instead of bearing our sins ourselves, and consequently the curses of the law connected with and inseperable from sin, the blessed Lord hath borne them in his own body on the tree, and hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. Simon had to carry the cross a little way, but Jesus had to DIE on it. So my dear sister it is now. We had never known the cross of self-denial, or the cross with which we are burdened day by day, best known to God and ourselves ; I say we had never known it in a nature state. Certainly not, but we are compelled to carry it : why ? because we are of his flock, of his kingdom : but

no curse for us ; no, but we are to have some fellowship with him in his sufferings ; we are to taste a drop or so of his cup, to feel some sympathy with him in his sufferings ; but he had to drink the dregs, a draught of which would have poisoned us to *eternal death*. What we taste, so far from being the curse, is *medicine* ; and all have to say, “It was good for me that I was afflicted.” Therefore that which is medicine to us, was death to Jesus.

January 17th, 1837.—Writing in my sick chamber. Last Lord’s-day was a day indeed to me. Went to chapel, Mr. C. prayed, I attempted to speak, but, being so very ill, left off after about a quarter of an hour. I have taken the prevailing influenza, and there is scarcely any that escape it. The present general affliction is beyond all I ever knew. What a mercy it is not the typhus fever, or any other malignant calamity ! My wife ill, and nearly all the children ; happy thought there are no contingencies ; all is right, for God worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, which must be right because it is God’s will, yet

How vain are all things here below,
How false and yet how fair ;
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

It has been a searching time with me, especially last Saturday night ; I had that dreaded distraction of mind which is so insupportable. How wonderfully kind the Lord is in giving man so many more days of health than sickness ! it is but seldom I have been afflicted to such a great extent with distraction. Oh, to be struggling in the billows of Jordan ! But what a blessed thought.—“When the feet of the Levites with the ark went forward the waters were divided.” And why should it not be with me ? It has been so with many before me. If the Lord will add this to all his other favours, how will my soul praise him evermore. As it is, I hope to be more spiritual ; I feel more and more my need of Jesus : Lord do help me.

How precious is the command to take twelve stones

out of the midst of Jordan where the priests feet stood firm. And mark, my soul, the stones were to be laid down where the children of Israel lodged, and it was to be for a memorial to the children of Israel, "That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord." Oh may I never forget it ; I need very much need this blessed, blessed truth to live on, and to die in the persuasion of. Who is the ark of the covenant ? Jesus ! Who has been through death ? Jesus ! And what, have we not also stones of memorial of his past help ? And have not many found it so in death ? Then doubt not. Lord help me to look to Jesus, and take up my stone as one of the tribes when I pass through and say,

He is faithful,
All is well !!

Though Jordan was a river enough to have drowned them all, and at that time overflowed all its banks, " For Jordan overfloweth all its banks all the time of harvest." But its bottom was discovered, its destructive power divided, and it was firm ground. Through the ark, all the Israelites found it so to God's glory, and so shall every believer in Jesus.

Lord's day, October 17th.—I have had a very blessed night ; heart-felt thanks to my adorable covenant God. Oh, how precious is the presence of the Lord Jesus ! It turns darkness, into light, it makes crooked things straight. It is joy unspeakable and full of glory. It is indeed of grace, and grace alone. I have had a foretaste of it, an earnest of it. Well might the Psalmist say, " Thou art more glorious than the mountains of prey :" Psalms lxxvi. 4.

December 22nd.—Sometimes it seems to me as if Satan was permitted to bring the bill, and put his hand over the part where it is written, *paid*. I think we are led about to understand various parts of God's word, and to discover the power of sin and Satan, that the absolute necessity of just such a salvation as the Bible discovers might be burnt into the soul. It has been sweet to me

this morning, "The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged. I know the doctrines of grace are *holy, just, and good.*

May 18th.—Many may think from my cheerful manner with my friends, I have but little if any trouble. They judge wrong indeed. It is needful, but is almost a constant trial, and this it is that prepares for the sweetness and power of truth. But I fear it will be too much for me ; that sin and Satan will make an end of my usefulness, my ministry, my health. But I have from the first of my profession been wonderfully appeared for, and "I will hope continually, and yet praise thee more and more." "The fining pot is for the silver," and the Lord knows, and he only knows how much suffering is needful to answer the end designed, and he will not lay on me more than I am able to bear. Is my heart fixed, trusting in God ? then there will be a stress against me. God is with me, most certainly ; he is with me though I am daily tried. There is certainly more and more awakening among us, and there are more coming forward to join the church ; there is evidently an open door, and there are many adversaries ; mine are devils and my own corruptions. The Lord appear for me.

Saturday, September 10th.—As the sea gull may be seen on the stormy day sometimes apparently covered with the wave, then rising above it, so my soul finds it. But I had some sweet intimations of my Father's love last evening, and it seems to me that in resisting stedfast in the faith, there is getting like some warrior behind the promise as behind a wall, or part of a building, and from thence to fire at the enemy, and there sheltered to receive his darts. Lord help me stedfastly to resist in the faith.

My soul, never forget this ! I cannot take the dimensions of Christ's love, without a proper knowledge of my own sin.

February 18th, 1843.—Ah, how soon the turmoil will all be over ! The day of a man's death is better than the day of his birth. Thanks be to God for a good hope.

Lord, of thy infinite mercy remember me, and may I fear lest a promise being left of entering into rest, I should *seem* to come short of it. Thou art a Father, and pitiest thy children; do Lord, pity me. Thou hast helped in every need; do help me. I know I am unworthy, I deeply feel it at times. I do love holiness and righteousness; I do love Zion and its interests; I do love thee, *Lord*, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and precious is Jesus to me. I have preached thy great salvation, I have *known* it. It has been mine in the deepest of my plunges. I have never lived in *sin*; I have too often slipped, but have not been utterly cast down. I have suffered these last three mouths as I never suffered before. My sins have been set before me in the most hideous and dreadful character. I have had most suitable Scriptures brought to me, and I have had communion with the Father, and with the Son. I have more than ever known the necessity of an advocate. Satan hath pushed sore at me, not to sin outwardly, that snare is *broke*; but to despond, to despair, to drive me distracted, to stop my mouth, to cast me into confusion. A way of escape has hitherto been made, and I am still hoping to be permitted to set forth the blood which is *efficacious*, which doth at times to my soul speak peace; a righteousness which is imputed to *believers*; a faith which is the gift of God, and of which God is the *Author*, and will be the *Finisher*. I have been a comfort, through God, to many; I would rather die than hurt the *cause*; I am still trusting and fighting. Oh, may I realize my youthful hopes, and now more than ever be strong and overcome the wicked one; and have the word of God to *abide in me*. I have been, as Luther said of a desperate state of temptation, "I have been to school," the Lord bless me; may his hand be with me; may he enlarge my coast, and keep me from all evil, that it may not grieve me!

" Our sins and griefs were on him laid,
He meekly bore the heavy load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, in sweat, and blood."

On commencing a new Diary, on March 12th, 1843, he writes :—“ Can I hope to be now relieved from tossings, trials, afflictions, and temptations ? No : but I may hope—I do hope in God that, notwithstanding all I may find, as my day my strength will be. I may hope that Christ will continue to be very precious to me. I may hope that as my God is able to make all grace abound toward me, that he will. I may hope to be more established in grace, holiness, and faith in Christ Jesus ; in his person, his blood, his righteousness. I am not able to make any promises what I will be, or what *I will* do. O no, no ! age doth not always bring with it that wisdom and prudence we desire. No, I must wish, I do wish to look to *Him* to be supplied with *life*, with *power*, with *will*, with all. And notwithstanding my heavy afflictions, my numerous follies, my hair-breadth escapes, I may through infinite love be yet very useful, and in Christ very *happy*. All that is past teacheth me that without Christ I can do *nothing*. Sin and self-will prevail. But as divine power interferes, no mortification of evil propensities, no deliverance in heavy affliction, but by a covenant God known in Christ Jesus my Lord and my God. I had a sweet savour in prayer yesterday morning by myself : “ The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.” Whether by some whispering angel, or the immediate power of the Holy Ghost, I know it was soul-humbling to me, and very comforting. And this blessed morning I awoke with this beautiful message to my soul, “ Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through FAITH IN HIS BLOOD, to declare his RIGHTEOUSNESS for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God ; to declare, I say, at this time his RIGHTEOUSNESS : that he might be just, and the *justifier* of him which believeth in Jesus.” Oh, the peace, the power, the sweetness, my soul has felt ; what refreshment it brings !

“ Thy word allays the stormy wind,
And calms the surges of the mind.”

When set forth in the light of the Holy Ghost, oh the

preciousness who can express it ? this is something of the effect,—

“ Say, live for ever, mighty king !
 Born to redeem, and strong to save !
 Then ask the monster, where’s thy sting ?
 And where’s thy victory, boasting grave ?”

December 28th, 1843.—I had a good time in baptizing ; felt rather more pleased than I ought with my own services ; but at night heard of the very awful fall of a professor, which much distressed me. How true it is, “ I live, yet not I ;” yet I live by union and communion, carried out of self-dependence, mere morality, and outward profession. I live by a life with Jesus, and *mercy received* from him. By renewals of strength to trust, I experience peace ; but how could I find that peace, had I no communion ? This leads me to the knowledge of the union, and that an *inseparable* one. And I truly say,—

“ Sin ! death ! and hell ! in vain shall strive
 This bond to *disunite*.”

By this life the soul is not only alive, but lively in hope and praise. Surely I can see, “ not I, but Christ liveth in me,” as a Conqueror, an Enlightener, and a Comforter by his Spirit ; and the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death. I am daily tried, at times fearing and ready to faint ; but I live, the Lord appears again wonderfully, and the life I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God. Yes, faith is exercised on *him* ; especially his word is received, and his person, work, and offices are believed, though too much with a trembling faith. Can it be for *me*, vile me, tempted me, tried me ? Yes, it is mine by gift ; for, having loved me, and given himself for me, all, all salvation confirming promises, sealing home blessings, purging blood, efficacious grace, all, all shall be given ; full pardon, final triumph, and eternal glory, all given in, and with him. Amen.

“ Is he a fountain ? there I'll bathe,
 And heal the plagues of sin and death,
 These waters all my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garment too.”

November 17th.—Submission to God, and communion with the blessed Trinity in their distinct personalities, in the economy of redemption, is the very joy of my existence, the balm of my life. Whatever the wicked pride and reasonings of the mind may say, yet this is a foundation truth, God's CHAIN. The Father has saved a people, and he proves his infinite wisdom in choosing them in, and giving them to his dear Son. And a precious Jesus died, and by one offering for ever perfected them thus given. And the eternal Spirit, the blessed Comforter doth fulfil his kind office in my soul. Praise for ever to a triune God, my soul. Amen.

June 27th.—The fire of affliction brings the ashes of humiliation, and we sprinkle them on our heads ; and then have we beauty for ashes. I have been of late much more engaged in anniversaries, and the Lord hath been with me, I am most truly humbled and grateful ; I have still the thorn in the flesh ; which, like the drawing blister, will only remove the disease ; not do any real harm, although painful to bear.

Sept. 28th.—May I not say with John Stevens, “ Sanctified afflictions are subordinate saviours ?”

Aug. 27th.—Every desire expressed in this book yesterday has been realized in an extraordinary manner. Such a sermon from dear Mr. Stevens as is not heard often, for depth, clearness, and simplicity. Christ the end of the law for righteousness. Not the destroying, but the fulfilling end. And doubtless the end of its being given was to illustrate the character of Jehovah, that the glories of the gospel might be displayed, and the church be saved in a most glorious manner. The bliss connected with the testimonies of both Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Foreman, is great indeed. Oh that the consequences may be our church's advance in gratitude, power, love, and a sound mind. Mine is a case for gratitude indeed.

“ Yes, I am secure beneath thy blood,
 And *all my foes* shall lose their *aim* ;
 Hosannas to my dying God,
 And my best honours to His name.”

These sealing times are next to everlasting glory. Oh the height, the depth of the love of God ! How unsearchable ! how deep ! how wonderful ! Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

May 13th : Monday morning.—Last evening, at a quarter to six o'clock, departed Mrs. C., of Patcham, one of my oldest friends. Oh to be practically ready to be found of Him, my beloved, and eternal life in peace ! Oh do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion, build thou the walls of Jerusalem. I have a particular feeling of deficiency in my ministry ; I feel so much poverty of thought, and so little to interest ; I fear I am being brought low (that is as it should be in my own conceit). I wish to be clothed with humility, as well as invested with the robe of righteousness. 'Tis not my *gifts*, 'tis the Lord's grace. Oh may I have more and more demonstration, I am not labouring in vain !

March 21st.—In bed, Saturday, the day after what is called Good Friday. Last Monday, at three o'clock, was taken very very ill ; all my attempts by medicine to get relief being baffled, was constrained to call in the doctor, who was compelled to use violent means ; but through mercy the disease gave way, and I got relief ; still my pain is very great, and the restlessness of fever very trying ; however the Lord appeared in mercy for both mind and body. Was prevented seeing my friends at the Chapel yesterday, and am debarred preaching next Lord's-day, but though I could not go out, yet I laboured very hard, and wrote some lines on those words, “ My God will hear me ;” and also a long letter to be read at the meeting, and it has rather thrown me back. But O, to be of *any use* in health or sickness, this *is* the principle thing !

I wish to acknowledge the Lord's goodness to me. I have not been without my sweet, my very precious

Comforter ; the Holy Spirit is not taken away from me, blessed be God. I have seen that without *him*, how dead, how carnal I am, how miserable too ; but "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *liberty* ;" truly so, Amen.

Some *drops* of loving-kindness have been mixed with this cup of trial ; "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." Matt. viii. 17. *Took* ! yes, voluntarily took our infirmities. **THEREFORE**—(O to enter into the spirit of this therefore !)—He **CAN** !! He will sympathize. "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ he hath both the Father and the Son."

The following letter, dated March 21st, 1845, from his sick chamber to his people, shews his heart as a pastor, and his love, care, and anxious desire for their prosperity and happiness.

To the people of my charge, meeting in Ebenezer Chapel, Brighton :

My beloved Brethren and Sisters,—The apostle James writes thus, "For that we ought to say, *if the Lord will*, we shall live, and do this or that :" James iv. 15. I had forgotten to say *this*, when I gave notice of my meeting you on our loved Monday evening service, and on our usual friendly gathering together on what is commonly called Good Friday. To us who have so many years been enabled to raise *successively* a *fresh* Ebenezer on that day, it has been, indeed, a *Good Friday*.

The same apostle also saith, "For what is your life ? *it is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away :*" James iv. 14. When I was engaged in the service of our dear Lord Jesus last Lord's-day, I never felt in better health, and as little anticipating any change in the same as at any period in my life. My attack was *sudden*, but mixed with much mercy ; and though I am informed by my doctor I have had a narrow escape for my life, yet so much kindness has my Lord mixed with the trial, I cannot, no, I cannot be grateful enough. Do, do help me to bless

and praise a *supporting*, a *delivering*, and a gracious covenant God. I have not preached to you an unknown, an unfelt gospel. I have not brought to you *inventions of my own*; but without presumption, I believe, I can say, I have brought you messages from God. And I do believe, from your general affection to, and constant attendance on my ministry, my labour has not been in vain *in the Lord*. I am quite satisfied with the doctrine I have preached, although daily humbled before God for my own short comings, my too great proneness to forget the God of my salvation. I owe every thing in this world, and my hope of another, to covenant favour. I am from my *inmost soul*, and to the very *bottom* of my heart, a *Trinitarian*. I am a living witness to the truth of the Almighty Father's choice of *persons* in his beloved Son. I have experienced this truth, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God,—by which I understand his complex character,—came into the world to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to save *sinners*, saved with an everlasting love; and that the blessed Comforter is known in his saving influences by leading us to Christ, and enabling us to *abide* in HIS *doctrine*; and such have the Father and the Son: 2 John 9. And I believe there is no living happily, peacefully, and hopefully, yea, righteously, and triumphantly, but by constant communion with the Three persons in the adorable Trinity.

As for man he is incurably sick in himself; a temptable, helpless, erring, and fallen creature. But the Lord *in my present affliction* gave me a sweet melting visit from these words of my beloved Rutherford:—

“ I wish when I am sick that He might be my Keeper, and Comforter. I judge it a blessed fall that we are forfeited heirs, broken, and out of credit; and that Christ is become a *tutor* in the place of *free will*; and that we are no more our own.”

My heart is with you to-day, but as I cannot come to see you, receive this token of my love, my sincere, my grateful love. “ I have loved the habitation of His house, and the place where His honour dwelleth.” Our

union in Jesus, our fellowship has been sweet often in Him, when his name among us has been as ointment poured forth ; and surely we may say, after so many years of ministerial exercises among you, that is, because the supply has been from a supernatural source, (I mean this *exclusively* now of spirituals, while we do not forget temporals,) "The barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord :" 1 Kings xvii. 16.

The Lord be with you, and bless you in your meeting, and in all your meetings ; bless you in your families, bless you with more and more communion with himself, and enable you to live secretly and openly in the observance of all His gracious commands ; and for this end and purpose, may we so number our days as to apply our hearts unto *wisdom* ; which includes, substantially and really, nothing short of this, Jesus Christ *all*, and in *all*. I am to be debarred from seeing you one Lord's-day, but am anticipating the pleasure of again sounding the silver trumpet on the following Sabbath, if the Lord permit.
The Lord grant it !

So prays *one*, who intreats an interest in your prayers, while he ever retains a sense of his own unworthiness ; yet can say without hesitation,

Your affectionate Pastor,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

June 4th, 1851.—This day the School-rooms are to be opened by a public tea meeting, and addresses by our brethren Milner and Curtis, from London. What shall I say ? sure there can but be ground for gratitude. I know "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and the truth which thou hast shewed unto thy servants, for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands :" Gen. xxxii. 10. One thing I do pray, that *this* may be fulfilled "according to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so *now* also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death :" Phil. i. 20.

Nov. 17th.—Bless the Lord, O my soul ! I am still going forward ; and while with the very simplest dependance upon God, I would live and act, assured that it is best for me to be committing myself to God in Christ Jesus, for my Judge, my Guide, my Help, my Saviour, and my End. And from an increased knowledge of truth, especially the mysterious but clear doctrine of the atonement, the wondrous matter of suffering, the ignominy of the cross, and that *he is risen*. Death could not hold him ; no, he was death's conqueror by taking away the sin, through that very death itself, and removed for ever the power of death over the church of God as a curse. The *sting* is gone ; *no sting* now, my soul ! May I believe it, and be established, and prosper. Amen. But I would not forget that as the atonement is known, and entered into, and lived upon, it has this effect, to reconcile the will, and dispose us to this truth,—

“My treasure is thy precious blood ;
Fix there my soul, and for the rest,
Under thy forming hand, my God,
Give me that frame which thou lik’st best.”

Our agreement with the blessed and holy is known, and the living fruit of obedience must follow.

Aug. 19th, 1852 : the day after the last anniversary.—To the great and good God, as the God of Providence, my soul this morning ascribes heart-felt and sincere praise. Yesterday the last of the debt of nearly £1,800 was paid by the kind liberality of the friends of that cause ; a cause in which I have spent nearly thirty years ; and yet it seems but as yesterday when it commenced ; the peculiar and minute circumstances are now present to the eye. Certainly it was a great undertaking, built in such an out-of-the-way place ; notwithstanding, it has gradually *advanced* I trust. Yes it is true, “Yea he had power over the Angel, and prevailed : he *wept*, and made supplication unto him ! he found him in Bethel, (this is mutual,) he found him in Bethel, (it was Luz at the *first*,) and there he spake with us,

even the Lord God of Hosts ; the Lord is his memorial." Hos. xii. 4, 5 ; he is the God of Jacob's seed. And, wondrous grace and mercy ! I trust I am one. Providence and grace, how blessed ! tears and prevailing, how blessed ! and what shall be **MY MEMORIAL** ? Will they present me with some handsome gewgaw ? O no ! Shall I be foolish enough to fret from any personal feeling on the part of any one's seeming neglect ? I have been kindly dealt with, but what memorial shall it be ? "Even the **LORD GOD OF HOSTS** ; the **LORD** is his **MEMORIAL**." There is something to live upon, there is something to die upon. How blessed doth every providential favour appear when it is, as in my case, so inseparably connected with sovereign grace. But who overcame the angel ? The weeping Jacob. Never be ashamed of being that before thy God which is so contemptible to men ; no, in humility, in faith, in love, in prayer, may my future days be spent. "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil : the Lord shall preserve thy soul."

We now are coming to the closing scene of his life and he begins his diary like a man that is not long for this world. I shall give the first item of the year entire.

Jan. 1st, 1853 : Saturday evening.—Glory be to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I am through covenant favour still upheld, still finding day by day, "The Lord is my helper," My heart's desire is *more grace* ; Lord, more grace. "I am as a wonder unto many ; but thou art my strong refuge." The last year was connected with very solemn events ; the loss of poor dear Mrs. E—— ; and the removal of dear W. S—— ; but that was indeed to him a relief, and he has served his generation, and fell asleep. I pray to hold fast the rejoicing and the confidence of my hope unto the end. I pray to stand fast in the truth ; and may my health my time, my talents be really devoted to God. O that my labours may be more abundantly blessed ; but above all that I may be more abundantly resigned to my Lord's will, and more and more conformed to his image ; my house be a Bethel, and the beloved people

at "Ebenezer" be more and more united and established by the truth! O Lord God, to thee I commend the keeping of soul and body, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Monday morning, Jan. 3rd.—I am desiring to live by abiding in Christ, and his word to abide in me; and, as God is true, I shall ask nothing according to his will, but it shall be given me. How blessed is the word, it is the *word of God!* It is spirit and life in its influence. Most true, its entrance giveth light and understanding to the simple. How gracious hath God been to me for so many years! What a mystery is his way! yet how doth the vision speak at the *end!!!* Wait on him, wait for him, he will not fail. His counsel shall stand: he will do all his pleasure.

Jan. 10th.—I have been out of health for some time, and my medical friend has been here to-day, and seems concerned about the state of my pulse, and my breath. To say the sounding and questioning will not make a nervous man feel would be to deny the truth, for I know from another quarter my pulse is not in a healthy state; and when my doctor tells me that I shall have to abstain from preaching, ah, there is the rub! no wonder depression will lift its miserable head. But is not my Lord able to do above what I ask or think? Hath he not, my faithful covenant God, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost, with whom I have in each blessed personality had communion, hath not my faithful God said, *My God will HEAR me?* Hath not study, communion, secret prayer and meditation been more and more my delight of late? Can I be in better hands than Jehovah's? Will he not establish his *covenant* upon the better promises? Have I not known his love, and can it be after all that he will leave his work undone? No! no! no! I wish to labour in the cause still, but, O Lord, mould me, mould me into thy whole will. Amen. But do not, O, do not lay me aside from thy house! O do keep my mouth open to testify of thy truth! Many of the Lord's family are going home, O do Lord fit me for it when called unto it! Do, my Lord, O, do, do, for Christ's sake, do! Amen.

This next piece closes the book begun in March, 1843.

Jan. 12.—I am very weak indeed, and it is a peculiar visitation ; it looks so much like a breaking up. But my Physician is on high, and it is said, “ Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.” Then for steady, real faith ; the Lord’s time must be the best time. I have not lived in vain ; I have not been put to shame. If I live, Christ lives in me ; if I die, or have to suffer, Lord, my covenant God, be with me ! My trial is shortness of breath, it seems so much like extreme weakness ; I am really at a stand. But I would commit the keeping of my soul and body into the hands of a faithful Creator.

Lord’s-day Morning, January 23, 1853.—I have no public means of grace *now*, being at home ill. Had a serious night ; but *Christ is my means*—my all now. I am nothing in myself,—absolutely nothing but corruption. Nothing but vileness in my flesh,—nothing at all else. But Christ saw no *corruption*. David saw corruption indeed, but Christ saw none. Thus is it a good God in Christ can manifest his glory and maintain his own equity. ‘Tis a wonderful plan, the plan of salvation. “ The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance for ever.” “ Be still and know that I am God.” One cause of the want of comfort in some seasons is, doubtless, that the things which cause fear and trouble are but *fancied*, not *real*. And we may be sure the comforts are so *precious* that they will only be realized in that which is *real*, and not in that which is mere nervousness. Now we know the sense of sin is a *reality* ; and the application of the blood of Christ is a *reality*. Deliver him from going down to the pit he deserves, and really fears, for I have found a ransom. A ransom indeed ! Only look for strength in *real*, not supposed *weakness*.

“ Good is the word of the Lord.” The word is expressive of the *will* of the Lord, therefore good is the *will* of the Lord. Now, in a real trouble, take up thy rest, O my soul ! Be still and know that he alone is

God. Don't by fretting make thy cross heavier, but glorify God in the fire. " Still to the surrender stand." All things work together for the best to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose. Amen, Amen. You began the morning with these words : " The work of righteousness is peace ; and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever." Now this evening, " It is good that a man should both hope, and quietly wait, for the salvation of God." Amen, Amen.

Monday Morning, January 24.—May it not be that I may more understand the nature of prayer ?—The Lord said, and spoke to my heart these words long since, " My God will hear me." How to pray—we must believe in God, enter into the conviction that God *is*, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him. He is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; each personally believed in, depended on, and addressed. This is it. The Lord the Holy Ghost, direct your hearts into the love of God, and the patient waiting for Jesus Christ. O the absolute necessity for the power of the Holy Ghost to lead to hope, and especially in trial ! like Jesus, not to seek to please ourselves, but to seek the things that are acceptable to God, and profitable and pleasing to his poor people, and then to remember these words ; " Now the God of patience, consolation," &c. Have I not wanted patience of late ? And this patience is the perfecting of the work. Remember, the trial of faith worketh patience. There is a great deal in the working of a matter. Paul was a man of like passions, but he gloried in tribulation because it worked patience. O, then, in prayer, pray for patience so to put your boat to go with the wave as to take advantage. Skilful boatmen, by management, not only are not overwhelmed, but are carried onward by skill ; and the wave, instead of overwhelming, causes them to go forward to port. For after all, if this is not the end we have in view, what have we ? " Hope to the end." " His house we are, if we hold fast our confidence, firm unto the end." Now all this *patience*, this reconciliation

is to be found in answer to prayer. Elijah was a man of like passions, but it was fervent prayer by which he prevailed. And so the blind men, they cried the louder for the interruption, "Thou son of David, have mercy." So the Syrophenician woman, she *kept* on, and cried on, and prevailed. So the elect cry night and day, and God avenge them. Thus we work out our salvation with fear and trembling. Thus shall I also prevail, by *patience* having her perfect work.

Thus a good God manifest in the work of Christ brings us by the trial and exercise to this ; "Good is the word of the Lord," though trying. And as the way of man is not in himself, and it is not in man that walketh to direct his own steps, we are led to be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication to make known our requests unto God. And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, will keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. And, finally, we learn the distinction between the church and the world is *this* : "The portion of Jacob is not like them, for he is the former of all things ; and Israel is the rod of his inheritance : the Lord of Hosts is his name." Jer. x. 16. It is an important matter : (Isa. xxv. 4 :) —"For thou hast been a strength to the poor." Ah, who so poor as the Lord's people ! What worms, what dust and ashes ! How weak, how mean they feel and know themselves to be ! "A strength to the needy *in his distress*." Yes ! the Lord has been "A strength to the needy in his distress." O God, help me to trust, to believe, however trying, however dark ! Faith doth triumph though there is the convulsive effort of feeling rising to agitate, though Satan is indeed a powerful foe, and things do at times look dark. "A refuge from the storm ; a shadow from the heat." *It is in his distress*, and not till then. Not till then, *in his distress*. "When the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

January 26, 1853.—"The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants, and *none* of them that trust in him shall be desolate :" Psa. xxxiv. 22. It is in the way of

redemption the Lord acts towards us in this world. Thus we have our favours, and our life is thus spoken of, "Who redeemeth thy life from destruction." Now this I have realized, and shall again, I trust, in this world. I very much long to preach a precious Christ to my people again,—*very much*. The Lord in mercy grant it. Amen. But he that trusteth—whatever circumstances, even he that walketh in darkness, and hath no light ; "Let him trust in the Lord, and stay himself upon his God." And he that trusteth in the Lord, whatever trial, whatever difficulty, he shall not be desolate. Now we find that this is the fight of faith, the laying hold of eternal life, the striving, the wrestling. And it is said, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." Your *own* salvation. Work it out. It is there in the Lord's purpose—yes, it is there. You have to draw it up ; you have to dig for it ; I have had it in this way, whether wisdom or the fear of God. It is not a lazy religion ; it is not a self-indulgent, a worldly religion. O no ; it must be worked out. But how can weakness in the abstract work ? Why it is God that worketh in you to will and to do. Now, Lord, help me to work out patience, resignation, entire firm persuasion ;—thy will is best—and so shall I realize in this my present trial, a further display of thy mighty power, according to the resurrection of Christ from the dead. We are the Lord's building, the Lord's husbandry. And if I am favoured to know the working of divine power, then shall I realize "Building yourselves up in your most holy faith ;—keep yourselves in the love of God," doctrinally and obedientially. "If a man love me he will keep my words ; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him ;" and let us act out this love to the brethren. And thus we shall be looking for the mercy of God unto eternal life. Amen.

I have not only need of body cure, but of soul cure also. And if I am spared, may the Lord enable me to magnify Christ ; and if I am to go home, the mighty God help poor me, that I may honour God by faith, and

not dishonour him by *unbelief*, nor rob my own soul of peace and comfort ! What a glorious matter it is for the mighty God to work in so poor a creature as a weak and sinful man ! That conquest will be eternal, glorious, and wonderful !

January 27, 1853.—O what a mystery is Rom. iv. ! How particularly is it marked that Abraham considered not the deadness of his own body, nor of Sarah's womb ! O no ! he only considered the promise, and thus brought glory to God. O, there is plenty of death ! plenty to excite unbelief ! innumerable difficulties. But by the power of God, in the Christ of God, shall we realize the salvation of God. Amen. “ I will hope continually, and yet praise thee more and more.”

January 28, 1853.—Rom. vii. 1—3. What a wonderful subject is here opened up to us ! Most blessed !—expressive of our *state*. Wonderful truth ; how doth the doctrine enlighten our eyes ! What wonderful privileges are here set forth ! Sure there must be some secret reason I should be laid aside. I have indeed been brought low ; this has been a bringing down, if not to the grave, to the apprehension of it. I was not aware, though the medical men were, of the state I was in. I was weak, and restless, and low, but they knew the cause,—the want of power, and the want of energy in the heart. So they know and observe the *state*, whether of real danger, or whether of safety. So we contemplate *state*. And if life is so sweet, and the condition of so much importance—though it is *really secondary—life first*—so it is sweet to have a secret life in Christ, to have a developed life from Christ, so as to have interest, fellowship, and communion with a living Christ. Wonderful indeed ! Till I became dead to the law, I was under the reign of sin. The law had *dominion* also as long as I lived under it. Now I have been taught,—talk of holiness,—now I have been taught, “ You are not under the law, but under grace,” and that is the cause of sin’s non-dominion. With all my unbelief I know *this*. God hath taught me that our *state* now, is that of being

married to another. The Holy Ghost gives light into this, that I might bring forth fruit unto God. Do we make void the law? No, we establish it. Do we despise it? God forbid. O no! we delight in it as in the hands of Christ. But as a covenant it could never bring us to live for God; never save our souls from condemnation. Never! And now being in this *state*, we are betrothed in righteousness, in loving-kindness, in faithfulness. No man ever hated his own flesh. "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and the church." How true, we may be by the knowledge of this, as to comfort, like a man coming from the *diggings*, but as he come shome, some bush-ranger overtakes him, and, being alone, robs him, but he escapes with his life. O, the knowledge is precious indeed!

January 29, 1853.—We have in the day past been led into the idea of the marriage union; now let us remember where this union is. The affection of our Saviour's heart is to be more or less known. And well might the church say, "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine." Wine given for the strength and support of the weary and sinking. And when we hear the voice, "To the praise of the glory of his grace wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved."—Abba, Father—Our Father—Loved us as he hath loved him, and loved him before the foundation of the world,—Made us *accepted* to himself, and that for ever in the beloved. Wonderful! Now, then, will I say, "Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation." The margin reads "*Only* my soul is *silent* upon God: from him cometh my salvation." Nothing can be more suitable for my situation than to be *silent* in God. This is the real blessing needed; this is the spirit required; and this is the fruit God determines. O, what a gracious and good God, and heavenly Father to serve, in the precious faith of the

beloved, by the heavenly dew and energy of the holy Comforter !

“ What heavenly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to us through Christ his Son.”

And this is the sweet confidence : “ Not an hair of your head shall perish. In your patience possess ye your souls : ” Luke xxi. 18, 19. Observe Luke viii. 15 : “ But that on the good ground are they, which in an honest and good heart, having heard the word, *keep* it, and bring forth fruit with patience.” Now then, from the union proceedeth communion, and fruit is brought forth with patience.

The following extracts are the last he wrote ; they were commenced after he went to London for a change, and are dated as follows :—

Jeffery Terrace, Kentish Town, February 8th, 1853.
—In sickness here, upon a visit, hoping on. It has been a trial mixed with mercies, as all have been. Every turn has had some brook, some lesson, and God is faithful. I find when I seem to be getting better, there is indeed a forgetting of *misery*, and, alas ! from the old Adam, entire nature, I find an aptness to forget the *mercy*. But affairs are well balanced, though we cannot always see it. The path is weighed, it must be submitted to, or rather endured, or passed through ; happy is it when really submitted to. Have had a sweet portion from Hawker for the 9th of this month, evening. I have read it with sweetness, with peace, and power. If the mind is but reconciled, all is well. Amen.

February 10th.—Still at Kentish Town. Wet morning. Could not fulfil an engagement to meet Miss F. and her father. I am indeed weak, but whether on the road to health I know not ; this extreme debility is surprising, yet my soul now and then seems to get into the ark as it were in feeling. As for interest, I humbly

hope and believe my salvation is a fixed matter in Christ. Eternal love has given me an interest in the beloved ; redemption has rescued me from the wrath to come ; effectual calling has manifested my interest in Divine favour ; and now, amid the madness of this present world, it is my bliss to be brought down to be a child ; yes, as a babe desiring the sincere milk of the word, that I may *grow* thereby. What an idea ! weakness, debility, sucking at the breast of the word, that I may grow thereby. Yes, Lord, I am weak, body and mind ; I am weak, indeed ; I feel, I sigh under it ; and as my poor body needs suitable food, according to my weakness, so, what is like the milk of the word to a child ? O bliss ! O precious evidence of interest in Christ ! O happy state ! Except you become *as a little child*. Of such, (*forbid them not*), of such are the kingdom of heaven. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise," "to stay the avenger and the enemy." Among my lessons, this is a very *sweet one*, to be a child, a little child. Let the man of the world boast in his riches, and the wise in his wisdom, I will rejoice in being a child—yes, a child ; and thus I receive truth as God has given it. Now I can receive sovereignty ; this is hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes ; "Even so, Father ; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Now, if God be for us, who can be against us ? Now will he make known the riches of glory on the vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory.

Tuesday, February 15.—Most mercifully appeared for, and brought home in safety yesterday. When Jesus, the blessed Lord and Saviour, GAVE himself voluntarily—how blessed ! to be the sin bearing sacrifice.—In the prospect of that dreadful strife with the powers of hell, of man, and of suffering, it is said, " Yet,"—oh, wonderful, wonderful !—" It pleased the Lord to bruise him." What mysteries in this subject ! Angels desire to look into them. Oh, what deeps ! Oh, to have fellowship therewith, to be conformed to his death ! Remember, when Jesus spake of his death

at Jerusalem, Peter said, "That be far from thee," O ! observe this truth, this solemn truth, Jesus, the voluntary sufferer, the dear, the glorious, the mighty Son of God, flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone ; hear him when Peter would have persuaded him not to suffer ; hear our Lord : "Thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men." *Alas*, how much is this like poor me ! How much is there savouring of the comfort, the ease, and the prosperity of the things of time and sense ! *Alas for me !* Get behind me, Satan ; that is, that evil principle of hell seen in exercise, that powerful spirit, which prevailed over Peter's better mind for the time. Get behind me, saith Christ. So in my every conflict, fear, temptation, and trial, the Lord rebuke the devourer, and give more grace and fortitude to his very needy servant. Amen.

Communion in the blood, and fellowship with the cross of Christ, will wonderfully strengthen me. Lord, grant me that thou seest best. Amen. I hate the thoughts of being a coward, but I may groan. Pain, and distress, and fear are hard to bear, but Jesus Christ knows it. May the precious Jesus help me, and, if it be his kind pleasure, restore me to my beloved work and people. Let me acknowledge my very many mercies in my home. O how good is God to me, in dwelling, in friends, in all ! O for a heart to praise, and to be fully resigned to my Lord, who hath said, "In blessing, I will bless." It is in going down to Egypt—there the God of Jacob helps.

February 16.—Spirits low. "There is an end, and thine expectation shall not be cut off."

"It is the Lord, whose matchless skill
Can from affliction raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever growing praise."

God Almighty the *Holy Ghost*, in union with the Father, and the Son, grant unto me that, living and dying, I may never forget these verities,—"Verily,

verily"—a double asseveration—"I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life :" John v. 24. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, if a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death :" John viii. 51.

February 17.—"We are willing rather," said Paul, "to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord." *God alone can*, I am quite sure, make me willing. There are *pressures* indeed, when the sentence of death is IN us ; but God is able by his own love and power to make me *willing*. It is God's work to make *willing*. It is not of myself, it is entirely of God, who worketh all after the counsel of his own will. It is easy *talking*, but I know the invaluable truth of his working in me to *will*, as I have found it in times past *to do*.

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

It is said by some, if Christianity is a delusion, we are no worse off for believing it. But such a faith will not satisfy me. O no, no ! 'tis not this will satisfy. No, it is a truth ; we know it is a truth. We are sure, and believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, to the glory of God the Father, by the operation of the Holy Ghost. And, as Peter said, "Thou knowest all things." "Thou art the Son of God." "Thou knowest that I love thee." Yes, I do—I have loved—I do love thee, notwithstanding all that has taken place, of which I have *bitterly* repented. Thou too, my soul, knowest I have ; thou canst appeal to Jesus, that thou hast bitterly repented of thy felt folly. Thou hast loved Jesus more and more by every event ; and where much is forgiven they love *much*. Yes, they love *much*. O then, Lord, work in me to *will* and to do, for I am a man who groans, being burdened ! "I am a stranger and sojourner, like as my fathers were ; O spare me that I may recover strength, before I go hence and be no more." O Lord, when the time comes, may I

be *willing* to depart and be with thee, my blessed Lord.

February 19.—“It is finished,” said our precious Christ. There must we live and die—there is the great fact, the solemn truth—till he said *that*, he *gave not up the ghost*. Yes, the debt is paid ; yes, the work of suffering is accomplished. Well for us, it is a finished work ; we cannot put a finger to it. I feel I am *vile, restless, rebellious, discontented* ; I kick against the gourds. I am like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, and may well say, “Turn thou me, and I shall be turned.” We want an easy path, an easy death ; no pain, no trial suits us. “O wretched man that I am.” “The body is dead, because of sin ;” thank God, the “Spirit is life, because of righteousness.” What trash is mere formality ! Merciful God, make our hearts sound in thy statutes, that we be not ashamed. Perfect begun-mercies, O Lord God. The fact is, entirely to leave all and everything to God, to be brought to this is a mercy, for it is not for me to do it of myself. All must be alone of God—I am learning it—and his only must be the glory. How true that I am weakness—easy to say, but O to know it ! Helplessness—easy said, but O to *feel* ! I can say *now*, not only is the Lord suited in his characters as Husband, Head, Priest, Prophet, and King, but in my salvation he must prove Conqueror for me, and Conqueror *of* me. Lord, help poor me.

February 20.—Lord’s-day evening. This has been indeed a heavy, heavy day ; a sad day, very sad, but I have had a word—“I rejoice at thy word as one that findeth great spoil :” Psa. cxix. 162. It is true that at present I may be low, but I do rejoice in thy word as one that findeth great spoil. This some day will be a blessing to me. But now, this is the most suited to me ; “It may be the Lord will look upon my affliction.” It *may*—it *may* be. O Lord, do, do, do !

February 21.—“The very God of peace sanctify you wholly,” said blessed Paul. All, from first to last, all is

of him alone. I wish to make a quotation from Rutherford. "My dumb sabbaths stick in my throat ; but I forgive Christ's wisdom in that ; I dare not say one word. He hath done it, and I will lay my hand upon my mouth ; if any other had done it to me, I could not have borne it."

February 22nd.—Some wonder how it is a child of God should have less apparent rest, and peace, and comfort, and fearlessness than the men of the world in general. Now, in the first place, let us remember the Lord acts towards us as a sovereign, and to submit is our honour ; and, if enabled, none can express the privilege. But there are three things ever to be remembered in the difference between the child of God and the man of the world. 1. The strong man armed keepeth the palace ; the goods are in *peace*. 2. I was, saith Paul, *alive* without the law. 3. He judgeth us in this world, and chastens us, that we may not be condemned with the world.

February 23rd.—Suppose a soldier should say, I cannot be happy without knowing the *plans* of my general, and shall only drag on a miserable existence, without more understanding of his intended ways to accomplish his object ; what would such a soldier be worth ? Is it not enough he has sworn fealty to his sovereign ? Is it not enough he has shared in the laurels as well as in the trials, hardness, and difficulties ? Now it is to *observe* the command, to *submit* to the appointment. O may I be such as to say, "For of him, and through him, and to him are all things ; to whom be glory for ever : Amen :" Rom. xi. 36. I expect the nearer we approach to God, the greater will be the solemnity, simplicity, and reverence—a mercy to come nigh by the precious blood of Christ.

February 25.—Bread—never may I forget bread. To me this morning, how blessed a crust of bread. And is not Christ this, and far more to me ? Did he not come for the life of the world, and the sustentation of Jew and Gentile ? In the very best of senses, blessed Lord, evermore give *me* this bread. What would all luxuries

be to me this morning, compared to the refreshing crust of bread. 'Tis only the sickly, the faint, the *thus* prepared can appreciate it. I take my medicine with a crust of bread. O remember it.

February 27.—Lord's-day. Sure I can say, "What am I, or what is my father's house?" My salvation must be entirely of grace from first to last; and indeed I glory in the thought. The bliss is to be alone with God, a triune Jehovah; to converse with God, or rather, the gracious God to converse with me. And now to know that, not because I live, he shall live, but "Because I live ye shall live also;" and to realize the wondrous truth, this is bliss. Bound up in the bundle of life with the beloved. Glory be to God.

March 4.—Deep affliction will prove a test of character, as well as a severe trial of faith. O then, the value of divine enlightenment, that is, to be a partaker of the saving knowledge of God, and to have passed from darkness to light. The mother of Zebedee's children came with her children, and asked, she knew not what; but they were willing to drink of his cup, and to be baptized with his baptism, and they were so. O, then is the test and trial. Peter in the sieve had a test of character. It proves that what is *professed* may have to be tried before we are aware; yes, before we are aware, and sharp will the trial be. But faith failed not; glory be to our triune Jehovah, whose ways are in the deep, and whose footsteps are not known. Clouds and darkness are indeed about him; and at times he makes darkness his pavilion. O to be ever able to remember of our blessed Lord, "He died unto sin *once*;" and "He liveth unto God." O for this to be ever before me! Amen. As my trying circumstances may arise, as well as when temptations present themselves.

These were the last words the deceased wrote. From this time he became weaker; the dropsy made its appearance, and eventually he was not able to lie down, or even to recline on his chair. But his mind was fixed on his heavenly Father. A day or two before he died, Mrs. S. said to him, "George is writing to such an one; have you anything to say?" he ar-

swered, "No, I have nothing to do now with any one but my heavenly Father." He closed his eyes in peace, on Saturday, March 26th, 1853. In a note from Mr. Gillman, of the 27th, he says, "My beloved brother, our beloved pastor, left this world for a better, at twenty minutes before four yesterday afternoon, peaceful, and happy." Further particulars are given at the end of the funeral sermon.

The following obituary published in the *Brighton Examiner*, of Tuesday, April 5, 1853, shews the estimation and respect in which he was held by the people of Brighton. It was kindly inserted by the editor, unasked.

"OBITUARY.

"Died, on 26th ult., at his late residence, Hope Cottage, north, Brighton, the Rev. Mr. Joseph Sedgwick, twenty-nine years pastor of the Baptist Church, Ebenezer Chapel. The Rev. pastor had been labouring for some time under a disease beneath which he finally sunk. He was greatly venerated by his flock, and generally highly respected.

"THE FUNERAL.

"On Saturday afternoon several hundred persons assembled in the Hanover Chapel grounds, in Church-street, and the Queen's-road, to witness the interment of the remains of the Rev. gentleman, which were followed to the grave by a large number of his personal friends, and a majority of the congregation of Ebenezer Chapel. The procession consisted of the hearse, four mourning carriages, and about thirty flys, and when the hearse had reached the chapel gates, the last fly was about opposite the new parochial offices at the Pavilion. The mourning coaches, which followed the hearse, contained the relatives and friends of the deceased pastor, among whom were Dr. Dill, J. Cordy Burrows, Esq., Mr. Lambert, &c., and eight members of the chapel acted as pages to the carriages. The flys, each driver wearing a black coat and hatband, contained members of the congregation. The Rev. W. Savory, (of Salem Chapel, Bond-street), read the burial service, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Trego, Curtis (of Homerton), and J.

Foreman (of London), the latter of whom delivered an address, in which he gave a brief outline of the deceased's early days. The Rev. Mr. Foreman stated that he had been requested to preach the funeral sermon, but he deeply regretted his inability to do so, in consequence of having duties to perform at his own chapel. A very impressive sermon was, however, preached on Sunday evening at Ebenezer Chapel, by the Rev. S. Milner (of London), to a full and crowded congregation, most of whom were attired in mourning. The Rev. gentleman took for his text the 5th chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and the 19th verse—"For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners," &c. The chapel being over filled, the vestry and school-room were also crowded, and many stood on the steps of the chapel. Ebenezer Chapel was opened in the year 1825, and was built by congregational collections, at a cost of £1,800, the last portion of which debt, the deceased lived to see paid about six months ago. The school rooms in connection with the above place of worship were added about two years since."

LETTERS.

To MRS. GOFFE.

Patcham, July 6, 1824.

My dear Friend,—I have neglected to write, supposing I should have had the happiness of hearing from you; but no doubt your engagements have been so many, that you have had no time to communicate with me.

But I hope you are enabled to see something of Him whom the church calls "The chiefest among ten thousand, and "The altogether lovely;" and that you have much of his presence, for his smiles make heaven begin

below. And, my dear sister, I hope we have still an interest in your prayers, for the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much, and we stand in need of them, I assure you. The Lord, I hope, has done great things for us, and our hope is still in him. My harp, I can assure you, is often upon the willows. There is so much depravity in the human mind,—that expression is just, “The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?” Blessed be the Lord for an unalterable covenant. He is an unchangeable friend; a brother born for adversity, and I have found him such, and what time I am afraid, I will trust in him. My beloved sister, because he is God, and changeth not, therefore the sons and daughters of Jacob are not consumed. There is no doubt but that you know whom you have believed—your Saviour has prepared a mansion for you, your redemption draweth nigh, and every day brings you nearer to that eternal rest; therefore be steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. You know your labour is not in vain in the Lord; you serve a good master, deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow him. A cloudless sky, a perpetual calm, is reserved for the eternal world. If your mind is cast down, if you cannot comprehend certain dispensations, take the matter to God; do not wait for a comfortable frame. The word sweetly says, “My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him;” and, blessed be his name, we shall not be disappointed.

I hope we shall have the great happiness of seeing you on the coming Sabbath. You have heard, I know, that the ordination is to take place on Tuesday, the 13th. My dear friend, pray that great grace may rest on the church, and particularly on the poorest, and weakest, and the most undeserving of our Saviour’s servants. O remember me, pray for me, pray for me; don’t neglect it.

I received seven persons from Bond-street last night. We think of going to Brighton soon, though we have had much happiness at Patcham. I long for your re-

turn to Brighton to live. You are in the hands of God, and the bounds of our habitation are fixed.

I remain, yours most sincerely in gospel ties,
JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO THE SAME.

Brighton, July 16, 1829.

My dear Friend,—I shall make an attempt to write a few lines from a sincerely affectionate remembrance of past proofs of your attachment to the ministry of one—and I hope I feel it—of the most dependent on the favour of heaven. But why should I say one? I know it is all of grace, or works; and if of grace, it cannot be of works. This truth is written as in a sun-beam which, shining from the highest heavens, reaches the most distant corner of the *believer's heart*. “It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing.” I say, therefore, *all*, yes, ALL the Lord's people shall know these solemn words, (Isa. lxiv. 6,) “But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses,” (mind the plural, pray do, all our *righteousnesses* ;—ah, my friend, this is painful, but useful knowledge ;—our *righteousnesses*) “are as filthy rags; and we all do fade us a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.” This I find by sad experience; yet hereby I find the value of that revelation wherein is contained such blessed truths as the *Fulness of Christ*, the *Righteousness of God*, the *Comforter shall come*. And thus I can experimentally enter into the meaning of Solomon's Song. Read the first two chapters, and notice this precious part, “Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love.” O God, give us that religion which consists in the enjoyment of, dependence on, and glorying in *Christ ALONE*, who *hath done*, who *doth now*, who *will do* all things well. I hope you are not without some glimpses of the Master's countenance, and in some sweet measure saying according to Psa. cvi. 4, 5: “Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that

thou bearest unto thy people : O visit me with thy salvation ; that I may see the good of thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy nation, that I may glory with thine inheritance." There is but one Spirit, and I know that however diversified may be his manner of operation, the substance is the same in all. He convinceth all of sin, sooner or later, and leadeth all to Jesus ; this is the work of God the Holy Ghost. God bless you daily to understand his grace, bedew your soul, instruct you to pray aright, enable you to walk by faith, lifting up the hands which hang down, and confirming the feeble knees.

I shall be glad when you come home, but the Lord is your disposer. It is doubtless for some good purpose that he moves us about ; and, though he denies us our wills, he superintends the beautiful vicissitudes for the working out, to the apprehension of our faith, his love, his power, and, no less his wisdom. God bless you with nearness of access for the church, of which you are a chosen vessel. Be not discouraged, and let not your hands be slack. Mind you turn to Zeph. iii. 16, 17. This precious passage has been *a lift up* to me. "Let not thine hands be slack." I believe this is a token for good ; that is, please God, for good to come. For what is life without his love ?

"I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more."

You will judge from this scrawl how I am, and how I am going on. My nerves are but poorly ; this hot weather tries me ; the old enemy worries me ; my heart often torments and discourages me ; and some of the Lord's own family grieve me ; but I do hope continually, and *shall* praise him more and more. I hope to do it on earth, and no doubt I shall in heaven, for God, who cannot lie, has promised it to me in Christ before the world began ; and I know it by being quickened to feel, and know, that without Christ I must perish.

Believe me, my dear friend, for Christ's sake, your most attached and faithful brother,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, August 31, 1833.

My dear Friend,—I have been expecting a letter for some time past ; but I know these marryings, and being given in marriage, are exciting and absorbing times, and it is therefore very excusable. Give my love to your kind-hearted sister, whom I most highly esteem, and to my good friend, Mr. D. May He be at the wedding who alone hath power to turn *water* into *wine* ; and may they have His blessing which alone maketh rich, and who addeth no sorrow with it.

We had a wonderful day on our anniversary at "Ebenezer." Mr. Stevens preached morning and evening ; and such sermons as must be heard to be appreciated. The congregations exceeded everything we ever had on a similar occasion, and the proceeds of the collections, &c., were upwards of £41, which you must admit was enough to humble me in gratitude before my gracious God. He hath said, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

If you have any heart for the service—if not, God give you one—pray for me. Yet I can say,

" My spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits."

I wish, I pray that, whether I am absent from my dear people, or present with them, I may be accepted of God. This is the matter, to have the witness of the Spirit that I am born of God, and this testimony, that I please God. O to know more of *Him*, whom to know is life eternal ; to be led through the opening up of the Scripture by the Holy Ghost to realize what David says, " Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever ;

for they are the rejoicing of my heart." Psa. cxix. 111. I feel sometimes almost cast down on account of my own nothingness ; but this was made a blessing to me this morning. "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the *lowly* ; but the proud he knoweth afar off :" Psa. cxxxviii. 6. Also ver. 7, "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me : thou wilt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me." Many a poor soul has been blessed and comforted in the valley of humiliation, far more than on the mountains of prosperity and ease. Doubtless, my dear sister, you have known some of your best times when, like Job, you have abhorred yourself, and repented in dust and ashes, under the sense of the folly of disputing with, and reasoning about God, especially when he hideth his face, and when his hand has *seemed* to go out against you.

My dear boy George has been very ill this week, but God in mercy has spared him. Oh what an anxiety are my dear children, especially their never dying souls. But I must *be still*. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?" We must love God more than children, more than wife, more than husband.

"He must be lov'd and worshipp'd too."

Love to God followed out in *giving up everything to the will of God* never grew in nature's garden ; nor can believers attain to it without divine strength being made perfect in their weakness. Sometimes I think I can say,—

"What if I should make some reserve,
And duty did not call ?
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I would give him all."

Lord, I believe : help against my unbelief. Whatever is the means of bringing me to the feet of Jesus, and giving me an errand to the throne of grace, is a mercy. Thus our bitters become medicines, and our sorrows blessings. Upon a review of the Lord's conduct towards us, we must admit, "He hath done all things well."

And, when my soul is cast down within me, "I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar." O, my dear friend, may you soul have daily communion with God, and you learn increasingly your own helplessness, and lost estate, that Jesus may be increasingly precious, and the blessed savour of his name be manifested in you and by you. May you return under the protecting care of your Lord, and continue a blessing to his cause at Brighton; a cause wondered at. Remember me kindly to Mr. Goffe; and as the business is prospering, may God Almighty prosper his precious soul. Of Fanny, may God, who in his mysterious conduct has so far blessed her providentially, convince her she is a lost girl for ever without an interest in the blood and righteousness of Christ. May she soon cry out from a wounded conscience, "God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Farewell: yours truly, in the bonds of the everlasting gospel,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO THE SAME.

Brighton, May 9, 1834.

My very dear Friend,—I could wish to acknowledge your kindness in sending me the note, and for it, though *too short*. I feel thankful, very thankful you do not forget us at "Ebenezer." For myself, I have to regret my own inability and *lukewarmness*, discontent and unbelief. I would be, the Lord knows, *more spiritual, more active, more useful*; but my soul mourns under the pressure of sin. O what will it be, to be delivered from the *bondage of corruption*; to see Him as he is! *Now, blessed be God, I am not without some sweet moments, but may nevertheless say—*

"More frequent let thy visits be,
And let them longer last;
I can do nothing without thee;
Make haste, my God, make haste."

Interruptions, how frequent ! communion with my best Friend, how very little ! enemies lively and strong ; exercises many in my work ; so that, whatever others may be, *I know I am an unprofitable servant*. When you can, do pray for me, that I may speak boldly, with savour, and real advantage. *My characteristic is,*

“ Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need,”

Yet, my dear friend, I cannot help believing that this is the good *old way* in which the Lord leads his people. All the promises, the covenanted promises, seem to have a reference to such characters. You know I have been led always, more or less, to these facts in my ministry. There is, “ The poor and needy, and him that hath no helper.”—“ He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer. This shall be written for the generation to come :” (now, mind, it is said of such persons,) “ and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord :” Psa. cii. 17, 18. Why ? because he is so precious to them as the *only helper* in every time of trouble. Hence we read it is to be “ *written for the generation to come.*” O what should we do, my very dear friend, if it was not so ? Now, the poor, the miserable, the blind, the naked, have a hearty welcome to the heart of Christ, the riches of Christ, the eye salve from Christ, and the righteousness of Christ.

“ Rich souls may glory in their store,
But Jesus will relieve the poor.”

I must refer you to another precious Scripture. Do read the xviiith Psalm. Mark these words, “ For thou wilt save the afflicted people ; but wilt bring down high looks.” I met with a sweet remark this morning in a little book by Ralph Venning ; the good man says, “ *Fountains* do always empty themselves in the *lowest* places, they love to glide in the *valleys* of the earth.”

I hope the Lord is blessing you in *secret*, and that you are often constrained to go and open your heart to him who is a little sanctuary to his people. All they

want is not simply *a God to go to*, but often *a heart to go*. O what a mercy he is the same for ever and ever. The prophet said, "Therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." We are debtors to the sovereign, unchangeable, eternal grace of God ; and therefore, if we do not maintain it, the stones would cry out. The goodness of God, especially in waiting upon him, is to me indeed a wonder, We herein prove the truth of these words, "They shall *revive* as the corn." We know when the corn droops for want of rain, when the sun is hot upon it, we know, we well know it has nothing inherent in itself to revive it. It has life in itself, but its revival must come from above. Thus too I find it day by day. He must send, and, blessed be God, he doth send us a shower, and then we feel that all, all is well.

I must now come towards a close. Am sorry I cannot but lament for myself. Mercies surround me, but I am an ungrateful, doubting creature ; I want it all my own way, but it is a mercy for me I shall never get it on earth. I shall be satisfied when I awake with *His* likeness. Remember me to dear Fanny—, with Mr. Goffe. Tell Fanny, my heart's desire and prayer to God for her, is that she may be saved ; and that while she has been so mysteriously the child of providence, she may be also a child of grace. Kind remembrance also to Mr. D. and his wife, and to your brother.

I remain, my very dear friend, truly yours in Christ Jesus,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, July 29, 1834.

My dear Friend,—I received yours of the 19th, and you judged rightly in supposing I thought you had forgotten *Brighton friends*. But am glad to hear you are well ; and seriously, I have too good an opinion of your judgment and religion, to suppose you can *long* be satisfied with less than a *full* and *free* declaration of the

God-honouring and soul-comforting doctrines of eternal TRUTH ; in which, also, I believe you are too well-established to be satisfied without a daily experience of the same, more or less. You know, as well as I do, the mischief is, men are too much taken up with the *doings* of the creature, and too little with the *doings* and *dying* of our covenant Head, the immaculate Saviour. My happiness is to be living in the faith, that I am crucified with Christ ; consequently,—

“The *terrors* of LAW and of God,
With *me* can have nothing to do ;
My Saviour’s obedience and blood
Hide *all* my *transgressions* from view.”

I assure you we find it here, that the Lord’s people are a poor and afflicted people ; and they know it. Whatever be their situation, they are chosen in the furnace of affliction. Indwelling corruption, an evil heart of unbelief, pride, and the devil’s temptations, make me groan, being burdened ; but amidst all, the blessed truth is, “God is faithful.” He brings us to realize this truth, “Without me ye can *do nothing*.” Surely *we* have reason to speak well of his name. There is a precious savour about his person and his work. If, like the woman of old, we can *touch*, though it be but a *touch*, and that but the *hem* of HIS garment, we shall be made whole. I hope you cannot live without constant prayer. I hope you grow increasingly acquainted with your own heart, and with the love and blood of Jesus.

As a church, we are in peace, and I am looking for the Lord still to appear to us, and for us. You must excuse my rambling epistle ; it is Monday morning, and I am tired from the labours of the past day. Mr. D. was very happy at the chapel yesterday. The sight of an old friend is very delightful ; I very much respect him ; I never had to think but very well of him. The Lord bless him and his dear companion ; I should like to see her, if ever she should come our way.

Kind regards to Fanny and Mr. Goffe, and believe me, my dear friend, most sincerely, yours in gospel bonds,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, July 20, 1835.

My very dear Friend,—According to your wish, I take the first opportunity of acquainting you of my safe arrival in Brighton, through mercy, on last Friday evening. Most sincerely do I return you my heartfelt thankfulness for the great kindness I received from you, while at Evesham. I shall never forget my visit ; it has given me an interest in the place I could only feel from seeing it. Present my respects also to the ministers ; I thank them for their kindnesses during my visit. O that some savour of the truth may have been left behind. But I am so convinced of my own unprofitableness, that, were it not for the Lord himself leading me now and then into a fresh sight and sense of the *precious atonement*, I should be silent. But therein I see the poison is taken away from man's *demerit*, and being led to discover the suitability of Christ, can say indeed, "To you, therefore, which believe, he is precious." I find myself to have two distinct principles in my person ; one bad, always bad, and listening to Satan ; and as Newton says,—

"Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can say."

But, thank God, there is another principle which loves the ways of God, and the God of those ways. Indeed, my dear friend, whatever men may say, we are nothing, we can do nothing of ourselves—nothing but sin. These are painful lessons to learn, but it brings us to *sit alone* ; and then, as when Elijah was driven into the wilderness ; there the Lord visits us with the still small voice, there he instructs us, there he humbles us, and there we are brought to say *not my will*. Although we have wished to have our own way, and lamented and *fretted* when we could not ; yet at last we are obliged to say, "Good is the will of the Lord." Without the exercise we should grow proud, should seldom have more than the

form of godliness, and should set our affection on the comfort instead of the Comforter, and on the creature instead of the Creator. Ah this is as Greek to those who have not been taught it, but you have an anointing, and need no man to teach you this is the truth. And indeed, the evils of our nature often rob us of peace, make us weary of the ways of God, and hang, as it were, a veil of sackcloth between God and our souls. The mind gets dissatisfied with every thing ; and we fancy how much better, if we could do as we would, how much better we should arrange matters. Ah, so we should for our own ease, consequence, and dignity ; but could we so well arrange them for our humbling before God ; for our real spirituality ; and, the main matter of all, for the Divine glory ? Hence, the very feeling of our sinfulness fits us for the application of mercy, and gives us a message to God, that our sins may not only be forgiven, but subdued ; and serves to keep us looking for that blessed state of happiness where there will be no Canaanite in the land. Thus it is we are saved from that *dead calm* so fatal to our real welfare ; the sense of *helplessness* and *worthlessness* laying us low, Jesus is glorified in us and by us. My text for yesterday morning, Luke xix. 40, says "If these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." We are constrained to speak well of Jesus, and to make our boast of him, though Pharisees may speak against it ; for we know, and therefore can but speak, and, speaking, we can but rejoice. There is a savour of godliness in our profession, and—

" 'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud."

My dear friend, may you be enabled to live near to God ; not in the mere outside matter of a general profession, but after the power of an endless life. United to Jesus, may you have much communion flowing from a sense of union. All your springs are in him, and remember, without him you can do nothing but sin. The precious ointment upon Aaron's head ran down upon his beard, and went down even

to the skirts of his garments ; and so, I believe, the love we have to the Lord's people, which Satan hates, proceeds from the unctious savour of grace flowing from Christ to the very extremities of his mystical body. This covers failings ; and, as God forgives us, we forgive one another ; you well know what I mean. Thus Satan loses his aim, and the believer in Christ forgives his brother from the enriching sense of his own forgiveness through Christ. O for more of this spirit on earth, until we get to heaven, where there is no transgression, and no need of forgiveness for ever : Amen.

Being Monday morning, and rather weary, you will accept this scrawl as a small token of my sincere regard to you ; and believe me, my very dear friend, yours in Christ,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

P. S. Kind love to Mrs. J., Miss F., and very best wishes for, and love to Mr. Goffe, and Mr. Hill.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, July 21, 1851.

My dear Friend,—I have made the attempt to write to you, but have been hindered by a visitor who has stayed nearly an hour.

I can truly wish you much joy and peace in believing ; that you may be drawn by the cords of Divine love into sweet fellowship with our covenant God and Father ; that the blessed word may be opened up to your understanding, and that the ordinances of God's house may prove breasts of consolation. Preaching yesterday morning from Psa. lxiii. 3, I reminded the people that without the loving-kindness of God, our life is, indeed, a dreary waste. I know, as you say, there are places like a paradise ; I see them, and nature feels the pleasure attending ; but our souls, quickened by heavenly love, hunger and thirst for that which nothing on earth, or of earth, can supply ;—communion with God, the waters of life, the heart to live for God, the faith which overcomes the world, the love to Jesus from

the shedding abroad of the love of Jesus in our poor souls. O truly,—

“There’s nothing here deserves my joys,
There’s nothing like my God.”

Everything is so *mixed*, and we soon tire. We may take our change from place to place, but there is an *aching void* the Lord Jehovah can only fill.

I am a great deal about ; O pray that I may be faithful and useful. I love my Master, and I love his work ; and indeed, he is a **GOOD** Master, and most merciful and gracious to his poor servant. Our anniversary takes place (d. v.) on August 20th, and I hope, my dear friend, we shall see you. We have worked together for many years, and I trust the Lord will smile upon us to the end, leading us to forget everything behind that would hinder our progress, and to look forward to the mercy promised to all that love and serve our Lord Jesus Christ.

Peace be with you ; our united love to you, and Fanny. My heart’s desire is that your life may be spared ; that, as in your early days you were eminent for the cause of God and truth at Brighton, so in your last, the savour and blessing of God may enable you to glorify him with body and spirit, which are his.

I am, my dear friend, your affectionate Pastor,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To MR. GOFFE.

Brighton, May 14, 1849.

My dear brother John,—It was kind of you and Fanny to write to us ; and we were truly glad to hear of your mercifully safe arrival. I could not help feeling my eyes drawn towards your pew with peculiar sensation. I do not know that, when you are all present, I particularly notice that pew above all others, but being absent, I confess I felt a kind of vacuum. Ours has been a long, an increasing friendship ; we have

had but very little interruption to it for many years ; and I am pleased to think I may hope soon to see you all there again. I have but little idea of what heaven must be, but a part of its blessedness may arise from intercourse with our dearest friends, with whom we have been closest united on earth.

We are no longer "Debtors to do the whole law ;" we are debtors now to sovereign grace, and love the law, seeing our Lord the end of it. You and I have had our wounds and our conflicts from self and sin ; our balm and our victories through Christ alone. We approach the Father in him ; and thus we live, and *shall live* eternally. How long we may have to journey, and how and when it is to close, is not with us : therefore it is best to leave that to Him who always does for the best, in a way, sooner or later, to make us acknowledge it.

My subjects yesterday were, morning, Isa. xli. 10 ; evening, Prov. iv. 13. I am looking out for help again. Pulpit work is anxious work, and I can no more, *of myself*, preach spiritually and successfully than I can invent a machine to fly to Evesham, to see you.

I think we shall hear Miss D. next Monday evening, and then I expect to spend a few days in London.

I am, my very dearly beloved brother John, yours sincerely,

J. S.

May I make use of your note for a word or two to others I love for Christ's sake ?

To MRS. GOFFE.

My dear Esther,—Our Lord has been bringing you of late *closer* to your King and your Husband. May you constantly *go in*, and the *sceptre*, my dear friend, will be *held out* for you. I know how you *love* to touch it—one touch will do, and smiling mercy invites you nearer still. The Lord bless you. Your loving brother,

J. S.

My dear sister Daynes,—The Lord bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace.

Your affectionate Pastor,

J. S.

My dear Fanny Strange,—Your's has been a *strange* life indeed ; but how *strange* the love that made you know that favour, so sovereign, and yet so real. To take a poor sinner under his providential care, make you a happy home, teach you to fear God, teach you the way to heaven, and undertake to guide you safely there. *How strange!*

Your affectionate Pastor,

J. S.

To my respected friend, Mrs. Jew.—May it be your mercy to know experimentally that he is not a Jew—in the best sense—which is one outwardly ; but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly, whose praise is not of *men*, but of God.

Your old acquaintance,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO A FRIEND.

Brighton, September 22, 1840.

My dear Friend,—I thank you for your last letter, which was refreshing to my heart. Those remarks made by Mr. D. were most true, and precious ; and your being able to welcome them, should encourage you to say to Satan and your fears respecting your own state before God, “ I will trust and not be afraid.” The Lord hath caused you to hear his voice, and made you know,

“ None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.”

“ You believe in God, (saith Jesus,) believe also in me.” And as sure as you are convinced of the justice of God, so *in me*, is the solemn, the certain evidence of the love

and mercy of God. God the Father is not more true in the holiness of his character, and the righteousness of his demands, than God the Son is in satisfying those demands, and making a way, a certain way to heaven, and to peace known in himself. How truly is Christ the sum and substance of all true felicity ! What an ocean of love is in Him in whom dwells the fulness of the Godhead bodily ! As God, he always existed in union with the Father and the Holy Ghost ; but as man, united to Deity, it is for the glory of the Divine perfections in the salvation of his beloved bride, that bride having fell in her federal head, Adam. It is the glory of Jesus to honour every Divine attribute in the present and eternal deliverance of his dear people, who are so near, and so dear, as to be bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, well may it be said, Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what God hath prepared for them that wait for, or love him ; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit. Yes *we* have *blessed* insights of the mysteries. *Glances* are given us, and thus we welcome the precious gospel when *sealed* home, we prize it, for it is not in word but in power. The spirit gives us life and health ; and light being possessed, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Truly we soon learn we are still in the body, a sinful, a vile body ; and, like the Israelites, we come sometimes to Bochim : Judg. ii. 3. We find the *thorn* in the eyes, the *pricks* in the side ; but they sacrificed to the Lord THERE. We know God's people hate evil. And though they cannot live in sin, it doth live in them ; and they often groan being burdened. But the Lord's covenant is " I will not turn away from them, to do them good." And therefore, though at times " cast down, yet not destroyed." All the *glory* is to be given to God *alone*. The salvation of Israel is of the Lord ; and the Lord will make *them know it*, and *acknowledge it too*.

As you are aware, I am, (under the blessing of the Lord,) to be in London for next Tuesday. Preaching in London makes me a little nervous ; but I am brought to dread, saying, " Can God furnish a table in the

wilderness?" He is not beholden to me for *anything*; but I am to **HIM** for *all*. And I have found he is able to do above, *far above*, all I *ask* or *think*. I find the Lord is saying to me, as to one engaged in the spiritual conflict, **WATCH!** What I say unto *all*, I say unto *you*, **WATCH!** This is my Master's voice to *me*. I have to be very thankful, though I never preach so as to satisfy myself, yet the Lord doth not *forsake* me. His people are fed. O what a mercy this is to have some help in his work, which is *so important, so solemn!* If you can pray for me I shall rejoice. That is a very important Scripture: Eph. vi. 18.—Every word is weighty.—“Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.” The Lord be with me and with you, my dear friend.

So prays your sincerely attached friend, for Jesus' sake,

J. SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, May 20, 1842.

My dear Friend,—It is not to write a long letter I so directly take my pen, but you have so interested me by the account of dear ——, whose sorrows and sufferings I would sympathize with; and as I intend to write him when he has more strength, I request the favour of your letting me know how he gets on. When you think he is sufficiently restored, let me know, and I will try and write to him. Truly his afflictions have abounded: may his consolations abound also! The storm must come. Well indeed it is to be on the *Rock*, or we must fail. Well for them who have made to themselves **FRIENDS** of the *mammon of unrighteousness*: Luke xvi. 9. How mysterious are the ways of our covenant God and Father—of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ! May God the Holy Ghost prove a Comforter to our brother! All seed time indeed must

be preceded by a ploughing time ; but how deep have the furrows been cut ! May a happy, glorious, and prosperous season succeed to him, and for him ! May Christ alone be more and more precious in his esteem, truth be more and more endeared, maintained, and defended by him, and the cause at T—— be favoured with the kingdom of heaven, which is not in word, but in power. For the poor, and for the cause I trust, and for his family, it is better he should live ; but for himself, it would I trust have been better if he had *died*. This is a state of trial ; sin and misery spread their baneful influences far and wide, and the path of sorrow, and *that path alone*, leads to the world where sorrow is unknown. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass." We must be crucified to the world ; we must cease from man ; and we must find that our greatest enemy is in our own bosoms. Satan too goeth about as a roaring lion ; yes, he roars, and there is both *power* and fury in his dreadful roar. He appears too like an angel of light, and as a subtle tempter carries on his cruel designs. And so mighty is he that flesh will be overcome by him ; and nothing but grace, nothing but God himself, even the triune Jehovah, can save helpless men from his dreadful power. Who smote Job with sore boils and almost drove him mad ? But you know who it was ; nevertheless in Emmanuel, God *with us*, God in our nature, Satan has got his *master*, yea, his *conqueror*, and every wound he inflicteth, every evil he produceth shall ultimately be overruled and healed in the true church of God. Do you read attentively Jer. v. 22. I scratch these lines in haste as I am going (God willing) to spend next week near Tunbridge Wells, and should like to hear when I return home how ——— is, a line will do ; I do not wish you to fatigue yourself my dear friend, but I am concrned. Amidst all my nervous afflictions, and they are not light ; and domestic sorrows, which have however been mercifully alleviated of late ; amidst all I trust, I believe God is with us at "Ebenezer." I am going to baptize again next month six persons, or

more I expect. We are so full that we are going to have a new gallery at the end.

Accept, &c., yours truly,

J. SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, February 3, 1843.

My dear Friend,—Your letter has been laid up to be answered, but the difficulty I have been in from want of health and spirit has made writing very wearisome ; and so fatigued have I been at times, that I have thought I should write no more ; so you will have a few lines just to acknowledge your very kind and profitable letter. For me to complain to you will be useless ; there is one place only where complainings can be advantageously attended to. To tell you what I have suffered from affliction, from Satan, from remembrances painful and wretched, the last three months, would not raise your spirits, and would sink mine. I have had a dreadful attack on the nerves, and Satan was let loose. He who had hardly strove years since to destroy me by sinning, now was permitted to try it by desponding and despairing. O, my dear friend, I can say there is vital experience in “Wilcox’s Choice Drop of Honey from the Rock Christ.” I hope you have got the work. I understand Mr. Romaine said he had read it through a thousand times, and had always got something fresh from it ; **DO READ IT.** These may be paths too deep for you, but upon the whole it will be, I trust, a blessing. This quotation I make has been to me very important : —“Thou thinkest it easy to believe ; was ever thy faith tried with an hour of temptation, and a thorough sight of sin ? was it ever put to grapple with Satan and the wrath of God lying upon the conscience ? when thou wast in the mouth of hell and the grave, then did God shew thee Christ, a ransom, a righteousness, &c. ? Then wouldst thou say, Ah, I see grace enough in Christ ! If so, thou mayest say that which is the biggest word in

the world, thou believest. *Untried faith* is uncertain faith." I know my profession for years has not been so deep as many of the masters in Israel ; it is only of late years, in connexion with severe exercises, I could enter into the spirit of the Goodwins, the Crisps, and others of that stamp, of the seventeenth century. And I must not forget to say that, in my heavy affliction, the precious word of life, with Romaine, Ambrose Serle, and not least, though last, Eyles Pierce, these have been my companions. All newspapers, politics, and almost everything in the world, the *whole world*, has had DEATH, DEATH, upon it. But in the gloom, mercy, wisdom, grace, and glory too, have been known. Snares have been broken, and I trust yet through favour there is light. See Job xxxvii. 21 : " And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds, but the wind passeth and cleanseth them." Ah, professors may laugh and despise such matters, but it strikes me they will find out their mistake in their own destruction ! See what Mr. Fuller's sentiments are leading to in Dr. Jenkins's work on the atonement, noticed in the *Herald* this month, and in the *Primitive Church Magazine*. I tell you the general sentiments are leading as fast as possible to thorough Socinianism, and consequently to a denial of every *essential* truth which concernest he *salvation of the soul*. But, " kept by the power of God," as in a garrison, through faith, shall be the feeblest vessel of mercy, and shall find here salvation, and shall finally come to glory. Amen. Here the dear, well-meaning, kind-hearted, humble, feeble, simple people of God are likely to be caught in the traps of designing men, doctors of divinity, &c. " The Lord will hold our souls in life, and will not suffer our feet to be moved." O, look to Jesus ; there will be your rest. What is for his praise is not according to the spirit of the world, nor agreeable to the powers of darkness. Jesus saith he will not leave us orphans : he will come again. Many blessed visits may he grant you, my dear friend. In your depressing afflictions I can now sympathize with you ; the Lord bless you with a broken and softened heart ; a soul given up in resignation to him, to do with you what seemeth him good. These

thoughts do me good to write. O to be resigned ! Blessed state ! The Lord resign us. He is *gracious* ; he *means* our *good*, our *present* and *eternal good*. "Fear not, only believe." Secret communion with the God of all grace be yours through a precious Redeemer, by the power of Him who is indeed *thus* to us a Comforter.

I have kept writing on till my sheet is almost full ; I did not expect to do so. You will be glad to hear I am mercifully better. My dear wife you mention in your last, as feeling for her in my increased nervousness. She has been to me the greatest blessing next to the *one* great *salvation* ; her kindness I can never express. May we live yet to know more and more of the sovereign power of our covenant God and Father, and cast our cares upon him, for he careth for us. Never take your cares where your have no proof the party cares for you ; they will only injure : *you mind this*. Yes, the Lord hath cared for us ; men shall be blessed in him. A proof of the Lord's care is putting us into Christ ; providing balm for the wounds of his people in Christ ; as Goodwin saith, "He provided the plaster because he knew his children would cut their fingers." Oh what dangers have we, have I escaped ! One word more ; it is said the word *care* is derived from a word that signifies, to cut the heart to pieces. Now where can you, if you have such, where can you cast them, but on him who careth for you ?"

The Lord bless you ; my wife's love ; write soon if you wish to hear how we are : farewell.

Yours truly for Jesus' sake,
J. SEDGWICK,

To THE SAME.

Brighton, March 5th, 1846.

My dear Friend,—I will try to devote a few minutes to you, remembering how glad I was to see your last, which I thought a long time in coming. They say, use is second nature ; and I have been so long used to hear

from you, that somehow I think it strange when the correspondence seems dropped. You are the only one I ever have so long written to, and sometimes I think what profitless scrawls many of my letters must be. What changes since I first wrote to you ! and though I have remained at the same place, and have seldom been from home for above twenty years, O what have I had to contend with ! what a wonder working God is the God of Israel ! what deep laid plans of hell have I discovered ! what follies have I known, what dangers have I escaped ! Yet I must lie if I did not declare amidst all, and notwithstanding all, that Christ has become more and more precious, sin more than ever hateful, godliness more and more important, in body, soul, and spirit. Well might the great and good Mr. Gurnall say, "The love of God in saving will be the sweet draught at the marriage feast, and the rare wisdom of God in effecting this, (that is, the way to the feast,) as the curious workmanship, with which the cup shall be enamelled." I think, could I see my dear friend, what I have written to you from time to time in afflictions of soul and family, the review would bring many a matter I would forget, or only remember for humiliation ; while there is abundant reason for faith, gratitude, and hope. How doth the winter precede the spring ! This is no flowery play upon words ; O no ! we live to learn that speculation, high imagination, all, all melts away before the burning of the fire in Zion. Nothing but grace as known in the *foundation* of *election*, interests proved in its right towards us in the merits, the unc-
tious, the inexpressible merits of our divine Lord Jesus, and then only to the guilty, the humbled soul, hating evil, only to such is the application of favour from an advocacy not more signalized for its compassion than for its justice. Yes, it is **LEGAL JUSTICE** ; not in the Arminian free-will sense ; O no ! but Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one chosen to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit, and belief of the truth.

" Christ is the Rock on which I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

You see I write to you with much freedom ; indeed I am apt to do this. I often wonder how it will be with me ; when faith is weak, I stagger ; when faith is strengthened, I can then say, "He will bring forth judgment unto victory." The God of my faith will fulfil my expectations. This I am not allowed to question, that the Lord hath loved me, and given himself for me ; and whatever may be my lot on earth, a final triumph over my worst foes, and a complete deliverance out of my greatest trials will be given me. The Lord hath done great things for me ; I do not know any one who has reason for greater thankfulness. My ministry is still made useful, especially in peculiar cases of the tried part of the family. Instances are constantly occurring which give me some help in times of depression and buffetting. The Lord has given me much communion in his word, and with his dear servants now in heaven, Goodwin, Charnock, Owen, Dorney, Serle, Gurnall, and others. I am not a great reader, but many exercises have caused me to consult with the fathers in Israel, and it has been my mercy to find the Lord's special presence in their testimonies. All has brought me into more nearness with and dependance on my Saviour, Husband, and Friend, who has known my soul in adversities. But I must stop ; now I am writing about myself ; but I would only do it to enhance the glories of my Lord, of whom I can say with Jonah, "I knew that thou art a gracious God." Yea, he is a gracious God. O to trust, to submit, to know no will but his ! My constitutional nervousness, my family, and especially now they are growing up, my connexion with the church, all of course lay me under necessities for divine help, known only to myself. I have a good home, a kind partner, and affectionate children ; but I have an ever-flowing fountain, a barrel of meal that wastes not, I mean spiritually ; while temporally I have a million times more than I deserve. O bless the Lord with me ; pray for me, and bless God for long suffering, and constant, and never-failing mercies to me. Yes, yes ! "O that men would praise," &c. You have long had the

means of grace, may they prove means of refreshing indeed ; if so, Satan will not be asleep, sin will not be dried up *in toto* ; you will have, you must have tribulation. No wine without pressed grapes. No knowing how to pray without the groaning within of the Spirit. Jesus was a sufferer and holds communion now, not with the worldly, the rich, the self-satisfied, nor the formalist ; all must be brought down, all the devilish Dagons, all must fall before a precious Jesus. The world is no friend to him, nor he to the world. My dear wife is now beside me, and sends her kindest love, and would be glad to see you.

I am yours very sincerely,
JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, January 19, 1848.

My dear Friend,—Nearly the last thoughts on the past evening were, that I would enquire how you are. As there has been so much affliction, have you escaped ? let me know how it is with you ; and I trust the healthy influences of the only true Comforter visit you ; for I can assure you, although Brighton has been wonderfully favoured relative to health, and our cup has run over in providential matters, yet such is my sickness of soul that, did not the Lord with whom we have to do, Heb. iv. 13, Send some medicine, all would be over with me, as it has to do with usefulness. But he has balm for body and soul ; and if you read the remaining verses from and with the 13th, I have mentioned, you will see the last night's prescription sent to the weary soul of your poor old correspondent. What is money ? what is *grubbing* after money ? what is worldly esteem, with all the rest of the dreaming delusions of a false and wicked world, compared to the word of God dwelling richly in the soul ? O may the God of truth make us, who are getting grey in our heads, be youthful in our hearts and zeal in world-denying, pride-denying, self-de-

nying ;—denying also conformity to a worldly spirit, and a dead, formal, showy profession. For where our treasure is, my dear sister, *there, there*, be assured, there our hearts will be. The God who loves his people *will have* their *hearts*. If we belong to him, he will make us sigh and cry, faint, and be truly miserable, self-condemning, God-justifying creatures, in order to have the bliss and blessedness of his help. Brother Milner has been near death, but is better, and will be better ; the Lord did great *things* for him in his illness. And so poor J. of H. R. dropped dead. How these matters speak ! are we looking for, and hastening unto the coming of the *DAY OF GOD* ? What know we of Christ ? That's the question. The Holy Ghost bring our faith increasingly into exercise upon *him*, and then we have the Father and the Son. *BLESSED HAVING* ! This is better than having *all Brighton*, or all the *world*, which Satan and his seed have the most of. I have a few rich friends, but it is the poor who have *far most* of Christ and his presence, *I know* ; and none but the *poor in spirit* have him *at all*. If you receive this in the same spirit of love that dictated it, you will overlook the bad writing, and all that is bad in your old attached brother for Christ's sake,

J. SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, February 9, 1849.

My dear old Friend,—For I have no correspondent of so long a standing as yourself, and will not forget the earlier time when dear M—, so long in heaven, and you and I, first used to meet and write. I can assure you there is a sad indisposition for writing with me, as well as every other infirmity, and I will confess that—

“ Trifles of nature or of art,
With false deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust Him from my arms.”

But the Lord will not give me up. And I remarked lately in the pulpit, that I found, as meal times came round the appetite quickens, or if you like the expression better, the appetite is raised as the meal time comes. So good is our God in appointing ordinances ; if my being a minister has been good to others, I can bless the Lord it has been especially so to myself : I speak of personal religion. It is an important remark of Mr. Huntington, as recorded in the vol I. of *Hardy's Letters*. He says, " And I know that there is no real spiritual birth where there is not a *broken* spirit, a contrite heart, and a purged, and tender conscience." This is true. I was mercifully appeared for this morning about five o'clock ; see 1 John ii. 17, 28. The Spirit we have received (I trust you have) teacheth us to abide in HIM ; all else is anti-Christ. Whatever profession we make, except as it leads to him, will make us ashamed ; but this will give confidence, and deliver us from shame at his coming. But we must be *in him*, or we cannot abide in him. Well might the psalmist say, " I will say of the Lord, he is *my refuge*, and *my fortress*." Psa. xci. 2. Some of the Lord's family seem so very ignorant of this matter in one particular ; if he is a refuge, how without a storm ? if a fortress, how without an enemy ? what need for it if all is peace with the world, the flesh, and the devil ? Thus by conflict, by danger, by opposition, I know the need, and feel and find the advantage of Jesus my Lord. Love without forgiveness, cleansing without the word, without blood, without power ! 'Tis not true. No cleansing, no solid, no heaven-born peace, but as the Father of mercies, the God of all comfort, the blessed Intercessor, and the invincible energy and the peaceful voice of the Holy Ghost is known, and experienced, some in one degree others in another. Ours is a dull day, a day of blasphemy and rebuke, of covetousness, of distrust, of self-seeking, and shameful worldly ease ; but it will not be so always, and the living in Jerusalem shall not be always under its cursed dominion.

Now I hope you are pretty well, and the Lord com-

muning with you. That you may commune with him, may a softened spirit be yours, and a spiritual mind your bliss.

The fooleries of free-will and Arminian trash are enough to make one loathe the general religion of the day altogether. Let a man of God have dear children of his own, and mark their progress, and in a general way he must exclaim *what is man!* Alas, alas, what! Why without sovereign grace, he is destitute of all saving principles. But my sheet is filling; I did not like to refrain from writing longer, although you will scarcely thank me for my scrawl. If I should ever be in your neighbourhood, I shall see you. (Not likely.) I cannot expect you here, from the state of your health. I could wish it otherwise, but tribulation worketh patience.

I am tired: farewell, dear friend. From your old affectionate correspondent,

J. SEDGWICK.

TO A BROTHER MINISTER.

Saturday Morning, November 15, 1845.

My dear Brother,—I should like a line to say how you are; is your *cough* better, did you get home pretty well, and find all well there, and on the Lord's-day? It was a pleasant hour I spent with you on Friday evening, I thought of it much since, and find our trials may differ, but it is our heavenly Father's will that all his should have quite as much to contend with, and bear, as they know what to do with. And indeed, the only thing they can do with it, is, in heartfelt prayer, to commit themselves and their way into his hands. I suppose all have to learn in Jesus' school, "That he giveth power to the faint, and to those that have no **MIGHT** he increaseth strength."

I spent last evening in reading much of Charnock on the *wisdom* of God; it is wonderful.

Is not that a fine word? "Ye beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith." What blessed

employ ; may we be found "*able ministers* of the New Testament," useful to the church of the living God, and in every personal perplexity to say, "I will go in unto the king, and if I *perish*, I *perish*."

" But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the king have tried,
That were to die, (delightful thought !)
As sinner never died."

I told the friends about the wet Thursday evening attendance, and last Thursday they crept out of their holes ; the moon shone bright; I tried to preach, "That the name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified *in* you, and you *in* him." 2 Thess. i. 12. O dear me, how I *tried* to lift him up, but what a poor sermon it was ! I did not know what to do with myself afterwards, but I told the truth as well as I knew how.

You will smile at my running on, but it came into my mind to scratch a line. I want to know how you are, and to say, it gives me much pleasure to see you ; for myself I am more than commonly cheerful for *November*. *God is GREAT, God is GOOD.* I have thought of what we talked about, *prayer* and the answer ; you will see the subject clearly set out by John, 1 Epis. v. 14, 15. I only remind you of it, "And this is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask **ANY** thing ACCORDING to *his WILL*, he heareth us."

I saw a remark this week of a poor man, who had published the banns of matrimony between his back and the cross.

" Shall Simon bear the cross alone,
And all the rest go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

Farewell, the Lord be with you and yours in Him, who will never change, our Lord Jesus,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO THE SAME.

November 28, 1845.

My dear Brother,—I thought you would like to have Mr. Foreman's letter again. Much pleasure, *very much* did your last give me. I do indeed feel thankful for the opportunity we had together. How few we find that our souls can *commune* with ! and only those who really know the plague of their own hearts, and the dangers they *themselves* have escaped, can enter into the sympathies that are peculiar to the Lord's family. O what a flimsy, disappointing thing is the world, when compared to that grace, which makes *misery* its ground to work upon, and *SINNERS* the objects of its blessedness ! What is contained in these words, "Being justified **FREELY** by his grace, through the redemption which is in Christ Jesus !" This passage to me, has been like opening a prison door, and the chains fall off at once ; this is known for a time, **FREELY**, no hard conditions, no money, no money's worth, but **FREELY**, a gift of *God*, the God of Israel, the covenant God of our salvation. It is something like this, "As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the OBEDIENCE of one, shall many be made *righteous* ! *There*, how Christ has spoiled the *spoiler* ! *There*, what can the *spoiler* do with it ! *He bites his chain*, but cannot break it ; he looks on with disappointment, but cannot avert it ; no, he must submit as well as he can ; **CHRIST WILL HAVE HIS OWN**, and in his own way too. Thus it is, the Father saw the son a *great way off*, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him ; *then* was the best robe brought, then the ring as a token of union given, then the man could walk well, his shoes fitted easy ; yes, easy ; no slavery then, no bondage *then*. Thus it is, the good Lord, when his child is caught in a snare, comes and *tears*, and rends the snare with divine power, and then it is, the adversary, who meant to *spoil* them, God will spoil. And, surely, thus it was when Jesus *looked* upon Peter, he went out and wept bitterly ; and this all

makes up the fact in answer to prayer ; " He is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all we *ask* or *think*."

Farewell, the Lord bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you ; it is a wonderful matter in a dark path, a dark world.

Yours affectionately,
JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

February 11, 1846.

My dear M.—Much pleased was I with your note ; and in this world of affliction, glad was I to find you had received help *from God* relative to your children, those very anxious concerns. Well I remember your former letter, in which, it was hoping against hope. You remark, " Is it not so ?" well have I known it ; and yet what a slow learner am I ! All things tend to teach us the *vanity* of earth, the reality, the substance of heavenly things ; and if we are but enabled in all, and by all, to live more upon them, we shall live more unto our dearest Friend, our Lord Jesus ; and shall then live with *supreme* affection to him, yea, to all the righteous God in his unerring counsel has decreed concerning us and ours. We understand something of **DISCIPLESHIP** : read Luke xiv. 26, a *solemn* passage. We must, to be disciples, have supreme love to him. Ah ! and it **MUST** be so ; Lord help us ; our path is tribulated, and we need it ; we have, by these things, to learn God hath to do with us, as He hath not to do with the world at large, and that we may *know* He is not an idle spectator, but manages our mean affairs.

" Fear Him, ye saints ! and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight
Your wants shall be his care."

I keep on preaching, the devil keeps on grumbling, and some keep on *hearing*, and God keeps on **BLESSING**. Being uncommonly disturbed last week, the Master

caught me in a shivering fit from fear of man, and met my cowardly despairs with *this*, "FEAR YE NOT ME?" &c. Jer. v. 22, "Have not *I*—*have not I* placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree that it *cannot* pass, and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not *PREVAIL*!!! though they roar, yet can they not *pass* over it." My Master made me hear him, and I was very quiet, and was recovered, so I went and preached on Lord's-day morning, "The law of the Lord (doctrine, authority,) is *perfect, converting* the soul" already regenerate. Oh, my Master got me down fast enough, and it was no *play*!!! the Lord appeared for me, and for others by me. Now I must close my sheet of shreds and patches. Glad I am you are friendly again with brother — ; we cannot afford to part with *tried* friends ; we have plenty of unsound ones, and not without foes, so let us *agree*. Write when you can, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,
JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

*Brighton, half-past Six Monday Morning,
May 11, 1846.*

IT will not do to give way to torpor, I am so naturally of a procrastinating character, that unless I make an effort, my letters lay unanswered till all heart is gone ; and yours of the 5th must be attended to. I thank you for it ; you can be seen in it ; the same quickness and life ;—like the man so the letter. Poor tried I, heavy and stupid, sinking, rising, happy, most happy. Again the old sores breaking out, agitated because of restless beings not far off me ; miserable work, and poor dear G—e, has been very very ill. To me he has become an invaluable man and brother ; the good Lord spare him. As for preaching, I go into it with all my heart ; but alas, how will circumstances oppress *such as me*. Last Friday, talking as you do of texts, I was sadly low ; I always like to have something

on Friday morning for Lord's-day morning, and have generally been kindly helped ; but, oh, dear, I could not get on at all. The heads of the sermon you sent were good for you, and I trust your people, but I could not preach it, and did not try. There is nothing like going, and keep going, even to the seven times, and a LITTLE will arise. So with me ; and I dropped on 7th chap. Song of Sol. part of 13th ver. "At our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, for my beloved." It was a little sermon, principally for babes, but I trust in God it had its use. It is well, my brother, when we write to try to assist each other, especially in getting light into the word. In thinking on the first verse of the chapter, I have got good. "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes," &c. We know *godly walking* is not only a necessary, but very important matter ; but from the connection, the joints, it is the coupling, and turning of them, as the word bears, it seems to look to the PRINCIPLES of their walk ; the work of the hands of a cunning skilful artificer, or workman.—*Durham.*

My dear brother, we can get instruction, when the carnal can get, like the spider from his own nature, only poison. I say, is it not true there is infinite wisdom, and divine skill manifest in the formation of the joints, and their working in the cup, as noticed in the astonishing skill of the Divine Builder ? To make by a Divine skill to know, that our walking properly is from the judicious appointment of those principles, that is so joined together by our God, that as a consequence we walk in that way which is agreeable to him, beneficial to ourselves, and that cause we love, is a favour. I fear I have not talent to write as clearly as I would, but I feel persuaded that right principles will be connected with right conduct, and, contrary wise, loose and disjointed ones, to loose and unsteady walking. The Lord bless us with communion with himself, and a strong desire to fear his name. I am quite willing to come to the anniversary, if it is thought well. I am sure the kindness I received, demands whatever I *can* do, and only the Lord can help me to do at all. Put me that part of the

day which suits you best ; I come to serve you, not myself, at least, I desire to do so. In the matter of writing for the *Herald*, I cannot write well enough, I feel so much difficulty in preparation ; nothing but off hand writing does for me, and that one would not like to see in print, and to write for the press is, with me, something like a stiff person sitting for their portrait to an unskilful hand, *it is very stiff*. If I could feel satisfied to send thrown off matters, I should do it oftener.

Farewell, kind regards to your wife, affectionately yours,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Saturday Evening, June 27, 1846.

My dear Brother,—I have not forgotten our last interview ; I am so glad the Lord God of Israel is with you.—I am so tired ; Mr. S—— wanted a small transparency, and, having no engagement this week, the chapel being cleaned, I got up at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, and worked very hard till yesterday dinner time ; and, though I say it, painted a good thing. My heart was in it. But it is needful for me to rid these things off ; and I worked till I was knocked up, and thus, as John Berridge said, the Lord gave me a puke of the concern. How I love painting ! how sick I am when it is done ! O the wretched contradictions in us unworthy creatures. As you say, and I can say it from heart and soul, when I think of the little heart for prayer, the wandering, the tiredness in it, the follies, sins, and iniquities of my mortal career, I am indeed ashamed ; yet the Lord gives now and then testimony to his word, and condescends to visit *ME* ! O to be with him, O to be *like* him, O to see him as he *is* !

“ With my tears his feet I'd bathe,
I life receiving from his death.”

This I know.

I have been thinking of Isa. xl. 8. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, *but!!* (blessed but !) the word of our God shall stand for ever."

How true it is *that* corruption has entered flesh ; and thus we became frail, and the vessel must be broken at the fountain ; but the dissolution of the flesh, oh, my dear friend, the destruction of flesh is the destruction of corruption. We would have it so ; we love the Lord and *all is well*, but

" How oft my heart is fill'd with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief "

May our God be with us to prosper us *in our work* to give a softened heart, a nearness to Jesus. How sweet the sprinkling of precious blood, how balmy, how quieting ! It is *peace-speaking blood*. Pray for me. I love you in the bowels of Christ.

You spoke sweetly of him ; your views of his person, as stated at the common, were so clear to me ; and some of the remarks I hope to carry to my grave. You have reconciled me to preach anniversary sermons in the afternoon. Forgive this scrawl ; I have done it in a hurry ; folks dropping in all day. Yours in love.

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO THE SAME.

Brighton, December 24, 1847.

My dear Brother,—"Unto God the Lord belong the *issues* from death :" Psa. lxviii. 20. I do rejoice with you the Lord has so graciously appeared ; it is an event in your life ; I trust many will be benefitted by it, and that you will come forth in the spirit of liberty and power, and spend your life in the service of your redeeming Lord. May you "dip your foot in oil," and be acceptable to your brethren ; we can commune together. I know it is not with *all* alike ; we can enter into soul matters. I think *myself peculiar* in this respect ; as if the Lord would not allow me to know

much of help from man ; for from the first He led me to know that my faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. I have a peculiar feeling for *creature* help, and *creature* smiles ; but we know by the leadings of our unerring guide, He is our Friend, our Comforter, our faithful High Priest, our Physician, and our God.

You have realized in your long trial what it is to have laboured, and not *fainted* : 2 Rev. 3. And as Owen saith, "That brings the reward, that wins the day." Not *fainted* ; faint enough, uneasy enough, but not *fainted*. Power has been manifested, you have been delivered, and God, our *covenant* God has the glory. Our Father will not *always chide*. I can join with you from my very soul in deplored my deep felt wounds, my sores, my castings down, yea, as Serle, my favourite Ambrose Serle, said, "my horrors;" but I have learned to have sympathy with sinners, but no parleying with sin. Christ in his Godhead made known powerfully to save ; the Holy Ghost, in his *Divine* person known to be *essential* to bring forth the judgment to victory in my case ; and the blessed Father of mercies, and God of all grace believed in. Thus we are led to maintain in our *ministry*, from an experience of the truth, the doctrines of the everlasting covenant ; and the *truth* makes us *free*.

I trust you are rapidly progressing to your usual and better health. I regretted not seeing you in London, but was taken ill, and obliged to leave before I fulfilled the whole of my engagement at Salem. If, when you get better, a week of sea air would help you, *bed and board, and a hearty welcome is yours* ; let me know.

Give my sympathizing regards to your good wife, and believe me, affectionately yours, in everlasting ties,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

April 13, 1848.

My dear Brother,—I am sorry your kind note should have remained so long *unacknowledged*, for it gave me great pleasure to hear from you. But I am so stupid, have been so taken up with *NOTHING*, am barren, dry, almost without a heart. What misery! cannot fix on a text,—Thursday—Lord's-day approaching; could advise another, *cannot help myself*. What would it be if *given up*? but that *cannot* be. Yet, laying aground, no wind, no tide, to carry us off ourselves and our wretchedness, is no trifle. These times of excitement, news, &c. &c., all have tended to scatter my thoughts to the wind, and damp my spiritual energies. Some say, look to Christ, live on Christ, &c., but I find the best thing I can do now is to breathe out, “O renew a right spirit within me.” Where can such sweetness be, as I have tasted in thy love, as I *have* found in thee? Well, He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Precious truth; how pleasant to believe we are in the heart of an earthly friend—one that can, one that will do us good; (that is, if nothing happens to estrange them from us); but *what feeble props*, after all, are earthly ones! we have *known* this, my dear fellow. I am almost ready to say, if thou Lord will give me up, do what seemeth thee good; but that be far from thee: Gen. xviii. 25. Principles must abide fast. Is Christ a Husband? he is a faithful one. A shepherd? a powerful one. An intercessor? a prevailing one. How blessed! while I *mused*, the fire burned. “My meditation of Him shall be sweet,” even when He seems to retire, and we hasten after Him. Love will have love, and He will have the *heart* of his poor sleepy spouse, his silly, earthly-minded spouse. Ah, blessed be God, the hands of faith drop with sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock: Cant. v. 5. Blessed be God, there are *returning* times, as well as wandering ones; and wandering ones we *must hate*. We learn we are carnal, sold under sin; but *principles* abide, and the more we know of them,

the more tender the conscience, the more humble our souls.

I am indeed sorry M—— has shifted her quarters ; these wretched sweethearting matters among our hearers often bring us pain. I make poor work in parting with any. I trust I have been made useful too ; but that which is crooked cannot be made straight, and the things that are wanting, cannot be *numbered*. You speak of trying feelings relative to texts ; I am not much of a judge, for I make mistakes often, yet, as I think, you have a peculiar gift at *sermonizing*, the exercise to which you are called is more likely to make your peculiar gift to have the more savour. I know you are a ready man, and trial makes a useful one. I am a poor, very poor sermonizer, in the general acceptance of the term ; yet, am not without persuasion the Lord has been with me in my weak, but anxious efforts. I should have urged your coming down for a change, but the anniversaries will take you about. Relative to your anniversary, I can most sincerely assure you, I think I am in the way of one more likely to help the cause. I take it as an instance of your *personal friendship*, but as August is a long way off, you may by that time see a more popular supply ; when I say popular, do not suppose I mean you or your people would prefer popularity to truth. I do not suppose this for one moment ; but if you and the friends remain in the same mind, you may depend on my being your servant for love, and Jesus' sake.

I am, your affectionate brother,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, February 22, 1849.

My dear S——, — I begin to be fidgety, I don't hear from you ; you are perhaps angry I did not come to the C—— when I was supplying at Salem. The weather

was so bad, and so many other matters interfered, it was not indeed in my power. I do love you in the bowels of Christ Jesus ; I know you are no stranger to the conflict, and have groaned, and do groan, being burdened. I know that your greatest happiness is in communion with our covenant God, and I would spend more time in your company, could I.

Having taken up one of your notes of last year, which refreshed me, and being a prisoner from a dreadful cough, and not quite recovered, though I hope, on the road to my wonted health, I write to ask how you do ; how is your right lung ? Do you get well ? And are you well at the house of prayer, &c. ? I still find "His fire in Zion, and His furnace in Jerusalem." A needs be for it. May the result of all be submission—for rebellion, murmuring, indolence, barrenness, thousands and thousands of evils—alas for me ! I am the unhappy subject of—love of the world, creature dependance, and vanity of every kind, are mightily powerful in me. I do hate the horrid evil of my fallen, deeply fallen nature. I am not without my visits from my Lord ; but how few and far between ! We live in a world of base iniquity, and have a fountain of vileness ; I have, which is seldom long still. O, to be with Christ must be far better ! but we cannot go before our time.

How are you ? Is it not a mercy we were called to bear the yoke in our YOUTH !!! Have we not sat alone, because we have borne it upon us ? Are we not debtors indeed to mercy ? Can we be thankful enough ? What would our homes have been, our bodies, our poor susceptible souls, had not thoughts of mercy been upon us, and continued with us ? What a hell upon earth ! What a hell to come ! All, all prevented by sovereign grace. We may well desire to be conformed, not to this world, but to the image of *God's dear Son*. Blessed be God, we were *reconciled* by the death of his Son, we shall be saved by his life of intercession. And will not this be manifested in reconciling us to all things we may be appointed to endure here ? Till I am reconciled,

all wretchedness prevails ; *when I am*, then quietude is enjoyed. "Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so He bringeth them to their *desired haven*, (Psa. cvii. 30) *Christ !!!* This is no fancy, is it ? What other haven have we, what other *rest*, what other peace, hope, or glory ? Thank God, there we float in safety, till *to sea again*. Not less safe, but not so quiet. The storm again ; but still quiet succeeds, and it is Christ, Christ, Christ ! all and in all. Amen.

I had a good time at Salem to myself, and hope to some others also. I find you have been there, from a note from my dear friend, Mrs. W—, who lately wrote me upon my visit, and mentioned your ministry with great approval.

Let me know how you are, and dear C—. I should like to see you both oftener, but our lot is fixed. O may our hearts be fixed to keep our heavenly Friend's statutes. Amen.

Your affectionate brother,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO THE SAME.

Brighton, April 3, 1850.

My dear Brother,—Thank you for your kind remembrance of me, and your sympathy with us in the loss of dear G—. I delivered your message to the widow ; I can assure you death has been making great inroads upon my friends ; it is surprising how many I have lost. I trust the Lord will fill up waste places, or I shall be sadly low. I have realized Him as the *all-sufficient*. He *cannot* err. But I keep realizing myself capable of everything wicked and miserable, if *given up*. But is that likely ? *Given up* ! A woman said, He is too *great*, as well as too good, to deny his word. "How can I give thee up, Ephraim ? How ? He may *try*, but cannot forsake. He is a brother born for adversity ; a friend at *all* times ; and happy is the man whom He chasteneth and *teacheth* out of his law.

I know he will take vengeance of our inventions ; but He was a God that forgavest them : Psa. xcix. 8. Our life is full of confusion ; our flesh at times upon us has pain ; but under covenant favour, he set our feet upon a rock, and establishes our goings ; light breaks in, and although we know not what to pray for as we ought, yet by divine favour we give ourselves to prayer, and the ministry of the word continually. It is no small mercy to have *means* of grace ; to be engaged in the temple service ; sometimes to press the breast of ordinances, and to draw and draw again from the well of life, though deep.

It is a mercy, S——, not to be satisfied with mere words, nor to be over concerned about manner, so that our Master may give us *thought*, and matter, or soon we shall be looking out for some fresh people, for the old ones will grow *tired* of us. *Our help is alone from the Lord.*

That last sermon you preached for us was a *bold* one, I can tell you ; but it was much blessed. One sweet, dear woman, a very intelligent, quiet Christian, was taken away about two days after by cholera, and your sermon was mighty helpful to her ; I know it will make you glad ; the more *natural* we are, the more venturesome upon God ; the more simplicity, the more *power* ; the more *submission*, the more rest. O Lord, help me. But after all, it is He must work for us, in us, and by us ; and *He will, as He pleaseth, how He pleaseth*, when He pleaseth ; so let us try to wait on Him, for He is God alone.

I must say, according to my text for dear G., James iv. 14, 15, if the Lord will, I will be with you on the anniversary ; and may it be with a looking unto Jesus. You may well say, it is only a *try* ; truly, but it is a successful try, when God pleaseth. Let us keep on *trying* to try, and our labour is not in vain in the Lord.

Farewell, and believe affectionately yours,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To THE SAME.

Brighton, February 20th, 1851.

My dear Brother,—I am so glad you have broke the ice ; I have long wanted to hear of you, or rather from you. It has been a remarkable winter here ; and if the frost has not prevented the little stream flowing, there has been a stop to the accustomed flowing of thought towards each other. How is it you don't write to me ? You can write well, especially when in tune.

The remarks upon Sarah and Hagar put me in mind of freemasonry. I am not, nor am I likely to be a mason ; but if their peculiar characteristic is a *secret*, sure we have a secret much more valuable than theirs. If they boast of fellowship, how much higher is ours ? It is wonderfully glorious, the *secret* of truth divine ? Well may you say, "Flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom." To hell we must have gone, but for a religion the world cannot receive. I am glad you find friends kind, and supplies keep up ; and as for the trial of your faith in not seeing more doing, probably there is more than you *know of*. I expect you are still a good deal about ; well, be *thankful*, and may the savour of the knowledge of Christ be with you in every place. When you get warmed up with the account of the *old lawyer* going into court with his blue bag, and laying his accusation against Joshua. When you can get hold of, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord," as I once heard you at the Common, never fear but a *real, good, sound work is going on*. Then *you may say*, Samuel, on ! on ! on ! Yes, go on ! and the devil will *go off*, at least for the time ; for while you thus go on, it is the Lord going forward for his own glory, and his people's good. I know what depression means ; but God is good, a *stronghold* in the day of trouble ; he knoweth them that trust in him. I am *very thankful*, for your family's sake, your health is so good, for the winter must try you. You ask how we are ? As far as it has to do with myself, I thought last

evening it could scarce be *worse* than it *was with me* ! and that I had a *mechanical* religion. If I had not to preach, neither Bible, nor *anything* good, would have my attention. The news of the times—*anything* was more in season with me than the striving, labouring, longing for the Lord's presence, or his work. However *a shaking* took place ; light a little broke in. I thought of, “Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.” I got my family to sing Hymn xc. book ii. Watts ; and, by hook and by crook, had some relief from my miserable captivity, which I may well groan under. The fact is, Samuel, without a *covenant* salvation, without *blood*, without the *energizing* power of the Holy Ghost, I am a lost man. But with all, the Lord hath not dealt with me after my sins ; and if ever there was, and *is*, a miracle of grace, *I am one*. I am going to try to preach from Prov. iv. 13 : “Take *fast* hold of instruction ; *let her not go* ;” &c. Now, the fact is, we have one who is praying for us, and mark, my dear Samuel, he said, “Keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me.” The fact is, we know the stirring up of the work in us is *of Him*, and *by his Spirit*, who *appears* *FOR US* in heaven. And because he lives, we shall, we *must* live, and nothing can prevent it—*it is the will of God*. Then *whatever* goes away, and *whoever* goes away, we know—“To whom shall we *go*.” “He is thy life,” sure enough. It is a revelation of a *hidden* life, drawn out by the teachings of the Holy Ghost. And we do *LOVE* wisdom, and it will keep us ; and with it we may look our difficulties in the face. We *are*, we *shall be blessed of* our God, and all things are working together for the *best*. Amen. *All* things.

We are losing many of our friends by sickness and death. The friends at the chapel, you have doubtless heard, are going to lay out £700 in schools, ground, and building. They are very kind personally ; but I had a trying time last year in *money matters*, and still feel the effects, not from the people, but from my own family affairs. But bad as family affairs may be, these

are nothing to soul matters ; and the stones would cry out, if I did not bless God for help in these. Your young friend, J—— N——, is very clever, he is on the committee, has drawn the plans, and spoke at the first meeting how your school has prospered, &c. Some thought that after twenty-five years it would be better for the *minister*, the debt being nearly off. Not that I think the debt being off, would make it better for *me*. My position was rather awkward ; I know there are always some who *think* little of us, or our work : it is not so with *all*. But ours has been a peculiar cause ; and for years, and years, my ministry has been greatly assisted from the congregation. Our church is, generally speaking, poor ; they have those who could have *done wonders* ; and when the subject was started to buy the ground, up got a member, a working tallow-chandler, and said, "I will lend £50." Another, not a member (we had a meeting of the seat-holders as well as members, *not many in all*), "I will lend £50." Another, *a member well off*, "I will lend £50 ;" and this friend is going to pay the money for the building, £500, and we have twenty-one years to pay it, and five per cent. for the money, till paid. The work is progressing ; the £180 for the ground *paid to-day*. We shall have to raise at least £60 this year for the current expenses. I could not oppose it, nor have I much concern about it. G—— behaved well, and particularly said, that my income was, and should be, the first consideration with him. Oh, Samuel, how little we *know* ! I *MUST* say, G—— could not behave better. He has great activities, and conducts himself so, that I cannot but be still and wonder. Who is a God like unto ours ! Poor Mrs. G—— I am sorry is not well, and does not seem happy ; the loss of poor John has sadly put her out. Mr. S—— is sadly indeed ; many of my springs are seemingly closing, and, as you say, "It is a life of *faith*." *Sarah's mistake*—we know it. Ah ! it will not do. We may well say, Lord, increase *my* faith. & However, with respect to pecuniary affairs, I have at present

but very little concern. But no bragging ; for sure enough—ah, I may tear myself to pieces for a fool ; but what is the good of bothering you with it. You will think paper is short ; so it is, and I am longer than I intended, so do not be cross at having my note piecemeal—I have so much more to say than I intended, or thought of at first. Poor dear Dan. ; I am glad to hear that he is better. We are all anxiety about my daughter Eliza, looking for her confinement, and she is very delicate, indeed, very poorly. Now I think it is time to say, thank you, for your kind note. Glad Mrs. M. is so well. My old lady looks anxious about her daughter. William is at home, drawing from models in plaster. I have had too much to do, to find time or heart for drawing ; and I am looked upon as such a poor thing as an amateur, a pretender, and not an artist, though not by my boy. But what little I have seen of professionals makes me sing small, and, big as I am, *feel so*. Well, I do not know that not drawing is any loss, for I am too fond of it, and can labour night and day, when in it. It is most likely my mercy to be mortified to *that*, as well as many other things. I fear whether you will make out this bad writing. Farewell.

Your affectionate brother,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

Our love to you and Mrs. M——

To THE SAME.

Brighton, May 3rd, 1851.

My dear Brother,—I trust the cloud is passing away, and that He in whom is *life*, and your life, whom you have preached, and loved, and desired to serve, that he is giving you to realize light. It is hard work ; yes, it is hard work ; well might the poor woman say, “If it be so, *why am I thus ?*” You and I are no strangers to two principles. But blessed be God, our faith is not *head* work, and our corruptions *ALONE* heart matters. It is true that *out of* the heart those devilish things proceed, and we confess it ; and thus it will be, while

in the deeps of nature exist the monsters of the *ooze and mire*. But deeper still, in the heart of our hearts, in our inmost souls (God knows it, it is not a religion of opinion), in the deeps of divine grace exists a principle pure and holy, to prove we are reconciled to God. Sin is *condemned*, that it might die, as it has to do with its very inbeing. It shall not reign, nor we be allowed to live as monsters of *ooze and mire*. Our Lord appears for us, and for others, through our ministrations. He cuts the channel deep by our felt necessity, and the overflowings of grace bring us to tell of him who is faithful. And as we have not preached a yea and nay gospel to others, so neither shall it prove yea and *nay* to us. Paul and the crew may have to be cast upon a certain island, Acts xxvii. 25, 26. I dare to say Paul would have liked a pleasanter voyage (*I should*), but he said he believed God, and that it should even be as God by the angel told him. The Lord help us to believe, and to be reconciled, Amen. You ask me, how it is in prayer with me? One thing I know, I love to have a heart given me to pray, I mourn the want of it, I know it is God's appointed way of helping. "*My God will hear me*," was a great blessing to my soul, when in the very *straits*. And the Lord saith, "*Is any afflicted? let him pray*." Well, the Lord is at no loss, either to give the spirit, or the means and circumstances, to bring it into exercise. Groaning has been the best rhetoric with heaven, and has even tended to the deliverance of the burdened. God *will* be, must be glorified by us. You are about, I see, a great deal, and blessings doubtless accompany your messages. If you do not get on as you wish with preaching, I should like to hear you in prayer at such times. No room then for any *mere* gift in exercise; all then becomes substance, and that effects the Divine purpose to humble, to confirm, and to bless us.

You may be sure of my coming, Aug. 5th (d. v.) if I am wished for, with my little talent; you are welcome to what I have; the Lord increase it. We have been ill, my dear wife very; I was also taken bad with

spasms in the chest, about a fortnight since, and only obtained relief from laudanum and calomel, and it shook me. Lord's-day morning they had to get a supply at an hour's notice. I am getting better. My dear daughter Eliza has a beautiful son—born last Lord's-day week ; my illness was the week before.

Yours, affectionately,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO THE SAME.

Brighton, October 20th, 1851.

My dear Brother S——,—How *true* ; “Through much tribulation, and we cannot alter it, one time or other, for wise ends doubtless, we are called to pass through deep waters ;” and “He doth shew his people hard things, and make them drink the wine of *astonishment*.” We have had our many joys, many *comforts*, and *now*, perhaps, some flippant novice would say, you *must* be *grateful*, and *very humble*, and *very RESIGNED*. Ah, had the fellow been pinched, and well souised, the same words might be used ; but O, with what a different *spirit*, and different effect too.

The greatest expressions of the glorious God are in Isa. xl. But how doth it all issue ? “He giveth power to the faint, and to those who have no might He increaseth strength.” There is a spirit of faith ; there is the spirit of adoption, “Whereby we cry, Abba, Father.” O, S——, without the energy of our God upon us, what death, what sinking, what misery we are under ; but the blessing of the Spirit, like the rushing of an atmosphere of life, revives, invigorates the soul, borne down by the afflictions, mortifications, weaknesses, and miseries of this mortal state. Thank God for a *knowledge* of Christ, and his truth, for being *initiated* into secrets the world cannot receive, because they know him not.

Concerning your son, I was surprised ; he wrote our William, saying, he was so much better, he was

returning to business. You must be the more disappointed. God help you ; I know something of the trial. When your note arrived, I was in the midst of perturbation ; two or three deaths in the church, and the funerals, &c. to attend to ; but your note was so useful to me, not to harrow up feelings ; it was a warning indeed. We were crowded all day. I was brought through. Brother Foreman would smile to hear me talk so ; but I am, alas for me, *a very poor thing*. It is wonderful, God's goodness to me. I am glad the friends are so kind to you ; it really does cheer a poor fellow. The Lord helped you wonderfully at our anniversary ; it did me so much good the Lord was *so with you*. I rejoiced very much in it. I have had half a dozen in and out, while writing this note, and I got rid of one, by saying, I wanted to finish it.

I am, yours, affectionately,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

TO THE SAME.

Brighton, April 29, 1852.

My dear Brother,—I should have acknowledged your note before, had it been practicable ; but I have been hurried about the two last days in town and country. You may be sure that when you wrote to us of your bereavement, there were hearts which could understand yours, and the mother's trial. The fewest words upon such occasions are really the best. The grief is *that* which God only by his presence, and spirit *resigning*, and time wearing, which we may think impossible, can remove ; but these will mercifully wear away the sharpness of the trial. You will be, by engagements in the pulpit, called upon to fix on subjects calculated to alleviate, if not to remove the bitter ; but the dear mother, *God help her !* get her out if you possibly can, pray do, it will fix on her sadly, but for Divine and uncommon help. These are tearing matters ; these are the strings about the heart. What a mercy you both have a well grounded hope ! How very good God has

been to you, and the dear fellow. In other circumstances you must have, like Aaron, *hold your peace*. But not resigned merely now, but grateful. Thank God, you have a good hope! O, the thousands of prayers we have offered! surely they shall not be all forgotten.

The Lord sharpen the edge of all your attempts to declare the truth—give much freedom and savour to your utterances. *You can PRAY*; I have heard you, as well as preach. O it is prayer that is the great evidence, as well as the great relief of the soul! The more we know of the spirit of prayer, I believe, just so do we know the power of God. God grant us praying grace, and we shall be wanting in no grace. I am sure it is not only the outlet of sorrow, but the inlet of joy. We get *near* to God, we *talk* to him, we *hold* him, and he holds us in prayer. God bless us with this spirit. We first had life manifest by breathing, and all that breathe not are dead. The Lord grant us good lungs—good air in this matter, for Christ's sake. O sad when I care not much about prayer! The Lord sends us sharp medicine, causes us to feel the lancet, to lose blood. Our surfeiting was too growing, and to prevent our ruin, he restores a healthy action to our breathing: I find it so. No prosperity, no patience, no, no, no, nothing but what acts as sad incubus, but as the Lord stirs up the spirit for communion with himself. Your dear boy is out of the distractions, the sufferings, the follies, the horrid unbelief, the base carnality to which we are exposed; and lives with unclouded intellectual consciousness for ever, under the beamings of sovereign love. O may I be there to reflect my Jesus' glory! I would now live,—O Samuel, now,—the bliss is to live at his feet! This is the better part, the best spirit we can have. God bless us more and more therewith. It will make us meet all, do all, and triumph over all. Our united love to you and your dear wife.

Yours in the truth,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

P. S.—O my dear brother, to *commune* with God, he

must first commune with poor me. I find it so, after all.

I am at Charles Smith's, for two anniversary sermons (D. V.), on Whit-sunday.

TO THE SAME.

January 27, 1853.

I can truly say as you, my *very dear* Brother, how kind of you to go over *directly* to Woolwich. Dear Atkinson is come—a great *relief* to my mind; but I did not have his note till late last night, or I would have written before. I am better; but having seen brother Gillman, we gratefully accept of your kindness, that you will obtain a supply, a good one, for the first Sabbath, and come your dear self (D. V.) Thursday evening, then the second Lord's-day, and Monday evening. *This*, with Atkinson being here, is a great comfort to me. Do you know, Samuel, the fact is, the being from my pulpit, that is the trial. O how I have loved, and do love my work. You know we are no *hirelings* however, since I have listened to “work out your own salvation;” it is our own, and it is for us in every trial, and it is thus the resurrection power is realized. And what will it not accomplish, even to swallowing up death in victory? I fancy I could work, but all kindly wish me to abstain, as the physician said, I must be still for a month. I have got too *LOW*; time, and bereavements, and thinking, and the wet season, have done their work upon poor Joseph. The Lord reconciling me, I shall be resigned, and by rest, and generous living, I trust to get well. Please God, I expect I shall not only preach truth, but with *power*; it may be with less noise, and holding the reins of imagination tighter. You smile. The Lord guide and help. But O, to *preach* Christ, and a known salvation! Amen. I expect to leave Brighton next Monday, for Kentish Town; so I shall see you there. Do not send or call before Tuesday. You will have time to get a supply, and I shall be able, from

London, to let my friends know who will preach on the first Sabbath.

Good bye. The Lord bless you abundantly, my brother beloved, and make up for all your kindness to your poor, but affectionate,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

To MR. G—.

Kentish Town, Saturday, February 12th, 1853.

My dear Brother,—I drop a line, as I am sure you and my friends are wishing to know how matters are with me. At times, this week, I have felt in the best of spirits, and hoped I was progressing at once to health ; then comes such a change over me, that I am troubled for *breath*, and think my work must be nearly done. As for going out of doors, when I have tried that, I am quite exhausted, and we have such weather here—I suppose it is the same in Brighton, but here it is so changeable, the effects are distressing. I had a tolerable day, yesterday ; Mrs. W— called on me, and we had a most happy hour ; for to her my ministry has been peculiarly acceptable, and she is one of the choicest of the Lord's family; a lady, and a humble, savoury believer in a precious Christ. But in the evening came on a snow storm, that I suffered more or less the whole night through it. I have been to make the attempt to go to H—terrace ; a fly was to be sent for me, and I taken, and sent home from, and to the door ; but had to send to prevent it ; and the same on Thursday ; so you may see what the atmosphere does for me. I am at the fireside all right, everywhere else, almost all wrong. I am longing, longing to get home, which I think will be on Monday or Tuesday next. I tremble at the journey ; the Lord help me. Perhaps it was hardly wise leaving home at *all*. We must submit ; God my Father will make no mistake. I have not spent thirty years in His honourable service to be *forsaken*. O no, all hearts are in His

hand ; He may try me, but "*He knows the way I take, and when He hath tried me, I shall come forth like gold.*" My beloved friends at Ebenezer have not had much trouble by their minister's indisposition hitherto ; and now with him they must pray for *patience to have her perfect work.* I worked while I could, though never to my own satisfaction, excepting the desire to be faithful. I have my witnesses, my tablets inscribed, my epistles to be read and known of all men. I am *free from the blood of all.* I have preached, and known the nature of the gospel, for the knowledge of salvation is *in the remission of sins.* It has been a testimony believed, and through grace, with all failings, and slips PRACTISED. My *future* is with my God. As for advice from any other doctor in London, my case is a very plain one, a man worked up ; a stomach weakened probably for a time only, but, the fact is, as an eminent medical man said, "It is excitement without power ;" and till bodily power returns, excitement will destroy. Poor John Stevens found it so. Most laborious ministers sooner or later find it so. Wear and tear of body and mind will show itself sooner or later. I wish, I pray, I look to be *fully resigned to Him who put me into the work, and has acknowledged for so many years His servant therein.* I am now convinced that I cannot at present resume my engagements. I should like to *break bread* with my beloved people, if the Lord will. But you had better make engagements, I mean you and the *dear brethren* in office, and get supplies for two sabbaths after Brother Milner, to-morrow. I give the hint while he, my kind and *acceptable* supply is with you. I hope to see you very soon. The Lord bring me back. I should wish to live and die in *Brighton*, if the Lord will. Heart love to all the brethren and sisters.

Yours, affectionately,

JOSEPH SEDGWICK.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE FUNERAL

OF MR. J. SEDGWICK,

On Saturday Afternoon, April 2nd, 1853.

Mr. SAVORY read 1 Cor. xv. and prayed.

MR. JOHN FOREMAN (of London) next addressed the persons present, in the following words:—

When I was requested by the friends of the deceased to preach the funeral sermon for our departed brother, I was obliged to say, Nay, on account of my peculiar situation, having to receive thirteen or fourteen members into our church to-morrow, and which no other person could do for me. It was then thought proper that I should take part in this afternoon's service. When I received the invitation to come, the following words struck me very forcibly—"Occupy till I come." I was not aware I should have to do more than shew myself friendly to my departed brother. I loved Joseph Sedgwick. Ever since I knew him, I thought he was a believing truster in the living God. The Bible was his standard; the word of truth his rule of life, and Christ his lawgiver. He always acted from conscience. Our brother never acted upon any theoretical system, but spake as he was moved by the Spirit. He preached the truth for Christ's sake, and what formed the ground of his hope, that he preached to others. He proved himself to you, his flock, to be a practical Christian, a loving father, a tender friend; preaching Christ only as the Saviour of poor lost sinners. He preached not anything but what in his view stood in connection with Christianity, and would be profitable to your souls.

Christian friends! the words I mentioned, "Occupy till I come," are the words of our Lord. He was speaking on the figure of the nobleman taking his journey to a far country. Before leaving, he gave his servants different occupations, and then closed his

directions with these impressive words, "Occupy till I come."

My friends, we do not live by chance, we were not born by chance. "There is a time to be born, and a time to die." Dr. Young says, "Every man to man is mortal, but to himself." We think but little of the certainty of our departure. We follow to the grave some near relative, we hear of one being taken away on our right hand, and on our left—it should remind us that we also are mortal, and that we also shall die. What disease will cause our death, is not for us to know; it is wisdom in God to hide it from us, but it is certain that we must die.

With regard to the occupation mentioned in the words I named to you, it relates to servants. I shall not speak of the whole of man's life in general, which is under the government of Him that feeds the sparrows. I will mention a word or two with regard to ministers, here spoken of as servants. They are all fitted to their work; and when God intends to make use of a man, however illiterate he may be, or however conscious of his inability to the work; he will, if I may use the expression, fit him out. It is not for him to ask, "what department have I to fill?" His commission is, "Preach the word; he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." Therefore, the matter lays with God. When he is pleased to bless the means of preaching, then the word is effectual to the heart's good of some of the hearers. I know that many of you now present, who were Joseph Sedgwick's hearers, can set to your seals, that he was an instrument in the Lord's hands, of awakening you to a sight and sense of your lost condition.

He was united to the church of Christ, in London, under the ministry of the late Mr. John Keeble, forty years ago. Before that church he was called to exercise what they considered his gifts for the public ministry, and soon after that he left them, with their best wishes, saying, "Joseph, go and prosper."

There were a few friends who had known him in the

church at Blandford-street, Manchester-square, London, who having removed to Brighton, they requested him to come to Brighton, and preach to them. His beginning was small, and here we learn what the Lord may do by small beginnings. And we find that mighty things did spring from this comparatively small beginning. Friends, the largest timber was once wrapped up in a small acorn.

The above few friends first met in a little room. He was, as I said, invited down here by those two or three friends who had known him in Loudon. At last, increasing little by little, his friends built a chapel for him, which cost, I think, something like £1800. At that chapel I have been called to preach several times at his anniversaries. There was a debt upon it, and he always desired to see that debt obliterated ; and it is remarkable with what cheerfulness his friends came forward last year and paid it off. It was £45 that was wanting, and the donations amounted to £10 above that sum. It was a cheerful day for him. Not but one place would have been as well to him as any other, but in *that chapel* God had so often favoured him with his presence, and showered down blessings upon his labour. Many had there been called “out of darkness into light, and from the power of Satan into the kingdom of God’s dear Son.” *There*, many bold sinners had been brought to hear the word of truth and believe—many an infidel had entered, and through his instrumentality had been brought to know the truth—many were the prayers that went from his lips to the throne of God on high, on behalf of his people. There was something in his words that carried conviction into the heart ; as the apostle says in 1 Thess. i. 5 : “Our gospel came not to you in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.”

No man dieth in peace, but he that hath the peace of Christ that passeth all understanding. Was there a time for Joseph Sedgwick to be brought into the work ? Yes ; and there was a work for him to do. That work is *done*. God is a sovereign in these matters, for our

dear brother was only fifty-six years of age, and I am sixty-two : he was by no means an old man. It was not old age that cut him down. He had gone the length of his appointed time, and then he died. Let us not weep, but rejoice. Our loss is his gain. Let us, therefore, thank God that he ever sent Joseph Sedgwick into the town of Brighton, for the good of many souls. He has laid aside his troubles, and gone home. His time had come ; and though infidels may scoff at what I say, still I repeat it. I recollect while at Cambridge, meeting with an infidel who instilled his poison even into the minds of young children. I saw him at different times, and had conversation with him, and I one day said to him, "You may remain careless about God in life ; but death will come ! How is it," I said, "that out of a hundred persons on an average, there shall not be found above one openly professed infidel, and out of a hundred of such ones, there shall not be found above one who could muster sufficient courage to die in confidence with his principles ? I can go to the death-bed of a Christian, and see him rejoicing in Christ, but never have I seen an infidel die in peace. If you think a Christian cannot die happy, I will tell you, sir, if I die while at Cambridge, I will agree for you to come to my death-bed, and you shall see how an old Christian can die, and if you feel yourself to be dying, I will come and see how an old infidel can die." He replied, with tears streaming down his eyes, "A man at Colchester did me a deal of harm." It appeared that his master, with whom he served his apprenticeship, was an infidel. I told him, "If you do not believe in Christianity, you must believe you have got to die." Poor creature, he could not get rid of the chain that bound him.

That man is dead. He lingered for a time, till his bones wasted away, and he cried out, "I do believe." Poor wretch ! he meant he believed he must die. Look at *his* death and that of our departed brother, who had been a proclaimer of the salvation of the Lord. Joseph Sedgwick died in peace ! When he found his end ap-

proaching, he said, "What I preached when I was well, I am now leaning upon. The Saviour is my prop and salvation."

There are differences of opinion, my brethren, as to principles of religion, and to persons. Some will settle a man's fate, and will judge him here ; but judgment is not on this side the grave. We might judge a person, right or wrong. Happy the man who can cast himself before the infinite majesty of God, praying, if right, to be kept so, but if not right, to be made and guided aright. Such were the feelings, and such the spirit of Joseph Sedgwick.

Need I say any more ? It appears, by the text I have read, that the Lord qualifies the man for his work. It was forty years ago, last July, when it pleased God to stop me in my headlong, rash career. I was not fond of drinking, but I used to go into a public house company for the sake of the song of the ungodly. But when I was stopped in my folly, and shewn my state as a sinner, I did not know what to do until I saw something of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus ; and soon after I was called to the work of the ministry. When the Lord has an occupation for a man, he will pay the whole expense : for although I felt very unfit for the work, it has pleased God to support me, and I leave it with the churches in many counties of this kingdom to say how far it has pleased the Lord to bless me in my occupation. Like our dear departed brother, I have never had anything in hand ; as I have received, so I have given. Just so was it with our brother ; he never kept back anything. And another thing, he was always at his post. Few can say our brother was a lazy man. We were both of one heart.

"*Occupy till I come.*" With regard to the Lord's coming, it is uncertain. The disciples were very sorrowful. "Let not your hearts be troubled," said our dear Lord, "ye believe in God ; believe also in me." See John xiv. Now let us come to the position of the servant. The servants, which are ministers, are appointed from all eternity by God—by Him who knows

the end from the beginning. Who can comprehend this? "If I go away, I will come again to you." When we, my friends, leave this world, we shall go where Christ is, and "we shall be like him"—made in the perfect likeness of the dear Redeemer.

But with regard to our dear brother, what shall I say? He is gone. We love his memory, because we love his religion. He believed in personal godliness; and salvation by Christ alone; that we could have religion, without the interference of the conclave of Rome; and that our sins were all laid on Christ, who "hath wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness."

I cannot go into farther particulars. We follow his remains for the love we bore him. We intend him a decent burial, nothing more. Care should be taken of the body, it being a part of the noblest workmanship of God. Some people say, "Throw down my body in any place, I do not care where." But not so, say I; let it have a decent burial. It was worthy for God to make. Why, man, and especially the good man, is the noblest work of heaven upon earth. Let the body then be deposited decently in the earth, worthy of the great Architect's notice. A decent burial, and nothing more. We lay it by, not throw it away. It is the property of God. Inasmuch as we hope that we ourselves are saved by grace, and desire a decent burial. As Dr. Heber says,—

"He is not lost, but gone to be
For ever with the eternal Three;
His mansion is above :
Chosen, redeemed, and sanctified,
He is with Jesus glorified,
Absorbed in covenant love."

This is our desire and hope, and we would all wish to die with the same comfort as our departed brother.

As a church, you have lost a pastor who wished you well. He worked himself out in your service, as occupying till his Master came.

His children have lost a father, who engaged their affections, whose prayers they had constantly.

And you, my beloved, and now widowed sister in the Lord, you have lost an affectionate husband ; but place your affections and confidence on Him who has promised to be a "husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless."

To the church I would say, pray to the Lord to send you another God-fearing pastor.

You, his beloved partner in life, have had many trials ; but you have also experienced many mercies. Afflictions are not marks of displeasure. The Lord bless you, my tried sister.

And now, one word to you, my dear young friends, the children of our late beloved brother. You have lost a praying father ; one who ardently wished your soul's salvation. Who prayed for you, when you little thought what he was doing. He has often told me, that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see his children seeking the Lord, and to be enabled to call his children *his brethren* in Christ.

But God has now taken him away ; his prayers are now ended ; whether they will be answered in future years we know not. But we trust in God, they will bring forth blessings to your account.

Joseph Sedgwick is no more ! We ought not to mourn for him, but rejoice. I hope that He who was the God of the father, will be also the God of the children. May religion with them be "the one thing needful."

Friends ! in conclusion, I would wish to impress upon your minds the uncertainty of life. We have not a moment to call our own. We are tenants at will ; we come and go as it pleaseth God. But this is the great and chief matter—to be *at peace with Him*. Then shall we be ready whenever our change cometh. God bless you. Amen.

Mr. Trego then engaged in prayer.

ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE.

MR. CURTIS, of Homerton-row, addressed the friends at the grave with evident difficulty, under strong emotion. He said,—

“ When I was first acquainted with Joseph Sedgwick, he was a very gay, giddy, and thoughtless young man. But it pleased God to arrest him ; and when he was converted, I found to my surprise he no longer indulged in his former gaieties and follies, and I wondered that even the grace of God could make such a change. His conversion to God awoke in my heart new and anxious desires relative to myself. I thought, who can tell but that it may please God to change my heart ? I was made anxious for such a change, and, by the mercy of God, did obtain that blessing. I look upon the conversion of the departed as the means of my own.

“ But he is now gone. He has been removed from us in the prime of life, and in the midst of usefulness. Inscrutable providence ! “ But our God is in the heavens : he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.” Bowing with submission to the stroke, and yet hoping under it, I would say, Farewell, brother ! we shall meet again. O how sweet is the consolation that we shall meet again, bye and bye, under other and happier circumstances ! May God in mercy give the church another minister, such an one as our departed brother,—a Christ-exalting minister, and a heart-searching minister. Jesus’ blood and righteousness was his constant theme. I loved and revered him ; he was a friend to me, and his friendship I highly valued. I find his loss severe, and doubtless, you, who have had the privilege of his ministry and friendship, will feel it too. I pray that God may sanctify the affliction to you. I cannot say more—my feelings entirely overpower me.

FUNERAL SERMON FOR Mr. J. SEDGWICK,
 BY MR. SAMUEL MILNER,
On Lord's-day, April 3rd., 1853.

“For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous:” ROM. v. 19.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The preaching of the gospel of Christ is a solemn affair at all times; but on an occasion like the present, it is doubly solemn. There is a deal of feeling connected with it also; the members of the church feel; the congregation feel; the family feel. There is a gap made; a gap that will never be filled up to some parties. When I look at this large congregation of persons, there is something solemn in that, every one of you possess an immortal soul,—every one of you are travellers to another world,—a few years will number us all with the dead. The mariners said to Jonah, when he was on board the ship, fleeing from the presence of the Lord, “What is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? What is thy country? and of what people art thou?” Jonah i. 8. Now, supposing I were to take one man from this congregation, as a sample of the bulk, and put the same questions to him, what would be his reply? How many of you are travelling on without either knowing or caring about what road you are travelling in. This brings to my mind a story I have read of one of our kings, who had a jester, to whom he gave a staff, and told him that when he found a greater fool than himself, to give it to him. Bye and bye, the king was taken ill, and was dying, and the jester went to see him. The king said, “I am going!” “Going! where, sire?” said the jester. “Why, to heaven, to be sure,” replied the king.” “Why,” said the jester, “you never made any preparation for the journey; you have never

been on the road ; and you cannot, surely, expect to arrive at any place without travelling the road. Take back your staff ; fool as I am, I never expect to come at any place without taking the road that leads thither." My friends, you may give the fool's staff to any man who thinks of arriving at any place while he takes the opposite road to it. The preaching of the gospel of Christ, then, is a solemn work, 'tis a pointing out ~~THE~~ road. It was once said to a painter, "What makes you so particular about the finish of your pictures ?" He replied, "I work for eternity." What he meant was, he wished his pictures to be so much esteemed, that they might be preserved, were it possible, for ever. But time crumbles all things ; the works of art perish ; nature will suffer a wreck ; but the minister of Christ may say, "*I work for eternity.*" His work is all measured out for him by his Divine Master. It is said, "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss ; but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire." It is a great blessing that the work of a minister of the everlasting gospel does not lay in wood, hay, and stubble, but in *gold, silver, and precious stones* ; or, in plain language, in the great and sublime truths of the gospel, of which God is the Author, Christ is the substance, the Holy Ghost is the Revealer, and the saints are the receivers in hope.

In looking at the text you will observe—

I. The universal state of men. "For as by *one man's disobedience* many were made sinners." Perhaps some of you will say, I will never believe that. Well, any of you that would object to that truth may as well close your Bible and have done with it. We must not take the Bible in part. If we reject one part, we may as well reject the whole. We cannot reject any part without rejecting the *counsel of God*, and *God in His counsel*.

When we come to the Scriptures, we find that men are by nature opposed to God, and we further learn the great fact by every day's experience, and I have a witness in each of your consciences of this truth ; you are by nature opposed to His truth, holiness, sovereignty,

and providence ; you may deny it with your mouth, but in your hearts you know it is true.

We are told that in the beginning God made man upright ; and that I suppose you can believe. But man fell. God did not *make* men *sinners*, nor angels *devils*. He did not make them with a bad inclination. What they *are*, they became by their *own voluntary act*. Man involved himself in sin, and the Scripture supports this view ; and when we have a Bible warrant for what we affirm, we know it to be true. We find that when God made man, he gave him a law, not an intricate one, hard to be understood, nor a difficult one, hard to be kept, but one that was easy, plain, and simple :—“Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat ; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it ; for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” He did take and eat, in defiance of God, and the threatening and moral death passed on his soul ; he brought himself under the power of death temporal, for “sin entered the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned ;” and he exposed himself to death eternal, or the eternal separation of himself from God, and subject to the wrath consequent upon his disobedience. Thus he became alienated from God ; his understanding became darkened, his mind corrupt, his will perverted, and himself altogether an entire enemy. We find that after he had eaten the forbidden fruit, the Lord came in the cool of the day, and “called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou ? And he said, I was afraid, and hid myself.” When we look at Adam in this condition, we behold the noblest work of God marred, we see the moral image of God destroyed. Here is a moral death ; and temporal death must follow, for “sin entered into the world, and death by sin ; so death hath passed on all men, for that all have sinned.” Thus moral, temporal, and without grace interposes, eternal death or destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power, must follow. Thus Adam, as the federal head of all his posterity, brought in sin. He begat a son in

his own immoral likeness, and *we* too are his descendants—*we* are born in sin and shapen in iniquity—children of wrath, children of disobedience, and, as the poet says,—

“His unborn race sustain the curse,
And man, born bad, grows worse and worse.”

It is the opinion of some, that man is capable of moral culture to any degree, and that he can bring himself to a state of perfection ; or that when a child is born into the world, that any kind of impression may be made, either for good or evil ; yea, that the parents are responsible for its salvation. All this is easy said, but let them shew us a perfect man. They should bring proof for what they affirm. Can they shew us any one free from the taint of sin ? According to their opinion, what a load of guilt they must be guilty of, who, having the power to make their children perfect, have neglected it, and thus added one more to the depraved portion of society ! If it were possible, why is this not done ? There must be in that an unpardonable neglect. But what saith the Scripture ? “He hath concluded all under sin.” And what saith conscience ? Every man in his own conscience knows he is morally unclean. You recollect the account in the Gospel of a woman brought before Christ by the Pharisees, with the view to entrap Him. They said, Master, Moses said, if a woman was taken in adultery, such should be put to death, but what sayest thou ? Christ seemed to take no notice, but wrote on the ground ; but presently he made this reply, “Let him that is without sin first cast a stone at her.” This was sent home to their consciences ; they were convicted there, and although very righteous in their own eyes, and in the eyes of the public, yet they went out, one by one, from the eldest to the youngest. And so it would be now, if we could bring out matters of conscience. I suppose, if we could come to the hearts of those here present, and could write your sins on your foreheads, you would all be glad to wear vails to hide your shame. Such being the case, have you no idea that God can read *your hearts* ? and that he will bring

every work into judgment, whether it be good, or whether it be evil ?

The question, then naturally arises, How do you expect to meet your God ? and how expect to escape everlasting punishment ? Do you wish to blind your eyes to these solemn truths ? If a blind man were walking straight towards one of the cliffs of Brighton, and a few more steps would plunge him down the giddy heights, would you not tremble for him ? But just so is it with thousands of our fellow-men ; although on the precipice, they heed not the warning voice. Visit the death-bed of many, and they will tell you they have been good livers ; or if notorious sinners, why, then they have been fools to themselves, but never did anybody any harm. He meant well ; he was a well-meaning fellow, and we cannot expect perfection, and God is merciful, &c., are frequently-heard remarks. Oh, is not this blindness—gross mental blindness ? Do you expect to meet your God on such grounds as these ? It will not pass with God. “What the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law, that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God.” Therefore it is clear *THERE IS NO HOPE for man on the ground of his own merit or works, however he may think himself moral or excusable*, “for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.” The righteous God measures us all by the one standard measure of his holy law, and no other. When He gave His law to Israel at Sinai, He ordered bounds to be set round the mount, lest the people should come near. There was no access to God there ; and when he spake, the earth trembled, and the people intreated that God would not speak to them again, they being afraid of his terrible power and majesty. And God said they had well said what they had said. And if His terrors were so great at the giving of the law, what will it be when he comes to execute his vengeance on transgressors ? There is, then, but one way to meet God with acceptance and find mercy—but one way to escape wrath—but one way to heaven, and that is by Christ ; for there is no other name under

heaven whereby we must be saved—no other way in which our sins can be cancelled.

No reformation on our part, no repentance can pay the debt contracted. The language of the law is, “*PAY ME THAT THOU OWEST.*” But it knows nothing of remittance, nothing of forgiveness. It is immutably inflexible. God in his law says, *He will by no means clear the guilty.* A man cannot obtain eternal life by any act of his own. The door of hope is in the substitution, blood, and righteousness of God’s dear Son, and nowhere else. Therefore, it is said in my text, “*For as by one man’s disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.*” Hence we notice the next grand truth of the text ; that by One, a people are constituted righteous.

Who is that One ? My brethren, the Scriptures speak particularly of two men, Adam, and Christ. Adam, the federal head, and father of all mankind, and Christ, as the federal Head, and Father of his people. This is a gospel mystery, which many cannot or will not comprehend, who wish to be thought more knowing than other people. The fact is, this is the pinching point. Let this matter stand out in all its scriptural clearness and prominence, and down goes free-will, creature merit, and universal redemption ; and the wise and prudent, the self-made clean, the mere rational Christians, the children of moral suasion and human effort, will cavil and say, *these are hard things*, as they did with Christ : John vi. 60. But O, the riches of Divine grace and love, what words can set it forth ! That the Son of God, that precious Lamb, came to die for sinners, for the ungodly ! Love was the moving cause : “*God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have everlasting life.*” Oh for grace to appreciate the blessing ! Thus, in the fulness of time, “*God sent forth His son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.*” Thus He took our nature into union with His Divine

person, to fulfil a broken law. Thus He left His throne to die for transgressors. He loved the church, and gave himself for it. Oh for precious faith, to say with Paul, "He loved me, and gave himself for me." Our text speaks of righteousness. Now God is righteous, and we are unrighteous. How can two meet together, except agreed? He that gave a righteous law will see to its execution, either in the debtor, or the Surety. We have laws in England: why were those laws made? was it not known there would be persons who would break them? and therefore, to secure life and property, they were framed; and if the powers that be had not power to punish the guilty, there would be no security for life or property; we could neither walk the streets or rest in our houses in safety. They must therefore be executed. So God will execute his law upon the guilty. Christ had the guilt of His people imputed to Him; and where guilt was imputed, punishment fell; and as the punishment inflicted was by the Almighty justice of God, so the illustrious Sufferer was the mighty God. "The WORD was God," "And the WORD was made flesh and dwelt among us; and we beheld His glory." Yea, He was the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person. There is no lack of proof in the Scriptures on this subject. Moses, the Prophets, Apostles, and Evangelists, all go to prove Him as being God and man. "Verily He took not Him the nature of angels, but He took on Him the *seed* of Abraham." The Angel said to the Virgin, "That Holy Thing that shall be *born of thee* shall be called the Son of God." Devils knew Him, and acknowledged His person and power. The centurion, when he saw Him crucified, said, "Truly, this was the Son of God." And the holy Ghost confirmed all, by His descent on the day of Pentecost.

Let me ask, why did Christ endure so awful a death? was it simply to confirm the truth of the promises God made to the fathers? why there were plenty of martyrs previous to His death, see Heb. xi. But would the prophecies and promises of God have been

fulfilled by the death of Christ, if He had died only as a martyr? that's the question. I say, No! emphatically, No! If the doctrine of substitution is not set forth in Isa. liii., I can make no sense of it. The plain grammatical construction of that chapter is too clear and powerful, to be evaded. Take a sample; "When Thou shall make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." My friends, the sacrifices of the law shadowed forth the same thing; a victim sacrificed instead of the offender. They all pointed to Him that was to come; hence in prophecy it is said, "Sacrifice and offering thou wouldest not, but a body hast thou prepared me:" Heb. x. 5. Forasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He also, himself, likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Christ then, the Son of God, was the only person adequate to this great undertaking; to work out a righteousness commensurate to all the requirements of a holy law. And to this end He must be righteous Himself, *perfectly so*. And He was righteous. As God, He had an infinite righteousness, essential, and underived; as man, He had a righteous nature, pure and holy, without taint; and as God-man, He fulfilled all righteousness in obedience to His Father, in doing and suffering, or in His active and passive obedience. But why do we call His suffering passive? He had to act it; He had to grapple with sin, death, and hell, and to endure the righteous inflictions of His Father's wrath against sin. Indeed, it was the climax of His work. Was He passive? In a sense he was not. He cried, He was agitated, He groaned, He sweat blood, He gave himself up, He as it were threw himself into the lion's mouth. "He suffered the just for the unjust, to bring us to God."

When we look at the atonement and righteousness of

the Son of God, we may well marvel. He hath finished transgression, made an end of sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness ; (and this is the greatest and best work that ever was done in heaven or earth ;) and this righteousness is to all, and upon all who believe. And they who receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by ONE Jesus Christ.

This glorious doctrine was set forth in the garden, when the Lord clothed Adam and Eve with skins of beasts. David preached it.—Psa. xxxii. : “Blessed is he whose transgressions are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord WILL NOT IMPUTE *sin*.” By Isaiah this is turned into a song— Isa. lxi. 10 : “I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God ; for HE HATH CLOTHED ME with the garments of salvation, HE HATH COVERED ME with *the* robe of righteousness.” And my text says, “By the obedience of ONE shall many be made righteous.”

It has been said, that it would not be just to punish an innocent person for the guilty. But we must not arraign Jehovah at our bar. It is enough for us, if it is revealed in the word of God. Besides, we must remember it was Christ’s voluntary act. “I delight to do thy will, O God,” He said ; and as He undertook, as our Surety, to pay the debt, He was bound in honour and equity to do so. Suppose one of you owed a thousand pounds, and the creditor put you in prison ; well, a friend comes forward, and gives the creditor a bond for the debt to be paid at such a time ; the creditor lets you go, and looks to the bondsman for the payment. Is that unjust ? Certainly not. And so God looks not to His people. He knew they could never pay, therefore He kept His eye upon Christ, and when the bond became due, He paid it in blood, and the resurrection from the dead proved the bond was settled, and—

“ Payment God cannot twice demand,
First at my bleeding Surety’s hand,
And then again at mine.”

Now we all need this salvation, whether we know it or not. One man may be a greater practical sinner than another, but no man can meet a just God without a Surety. The apostle Paul says, “I was alive without the law once, but *when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.*” The feeling of the convinced sinner is, I AM LOST, And the enquiry is, “What must I do to be saved?” When the Spirit deals with men, the matter is personal, as when Nathan was sent to David, “Thou art the man.” Men may trifle with sin, but sin will never trifle with them ;” nor will it prove a trifle ; at the last it will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder. “Be sure your sin will find you out.” I give you fair warning to-night, if you were never warned before, that if you are not found clothed in the righteousness, and washed in the blood of Christ, you must inevitably be lost. “The soul that sinneth shall die.” If the Spirit of God therefore convinces any of you of sin, you will feel you want one to stand in the gap for you ; you will want salvation, and nothing will bring real and solid peace into your consciences, but faith in the blood and righteousness of the Son of God. All the Lord’s people are taught by the same Spirit ; and, although there are many things in which they differ, they are all brought, sooner or later, to feel they are poor, guilty, helpless sinners, and that there is no hope for them but in the person, blood, and righteousness of Jesus. For every one that hath heard, and learned of the Father, cometh to Him, and him that cometh, He will in no wise cast out. My fellow sinner, whatever may be your apprehensions, however great your past crimes, however defiled you may feel yourself to be, the gospel opens to you the door of hope. Look at one text in particular, and read the connexion : Rom. iii.— “Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus : whom God hath set forth a propitiation, through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.” Christ’s

blood, therefore, cleanseth from all sin, and it is by faith in His blood we have forgiveness for sins that are past. You want not a pardon for sins you have not committed, it is for your actual sins you want pardon ; you want God's mercy for them. The fifty pence debtor, or the five hundred, when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Thus in Christ we are justified freely from ALL THINGS, from which we COULD NOT be justified by the law of Moses.

May the Lord in mercy seal these truths upon your hearts. Think not lightly upon these things. Search the word, and see whether these things are so. If you had purchased a house, you would take care to have a good title, to have it properly conveyed ; you would not trifle in such a matter, and yet many of you are not half so careful about your precious souls, which the value of the whole world would not redeem. If any of you lack wisdom, ask it of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. It is said, "They shall ask their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward." I do not say you can change your hearts, but it is your duty to read God's word, to attend His house, and do many things you do not do. Wait therefore upon Him ; who can tell but He may visit you, and leave a blessing behind Him ? Many think religion a very gloomy thing, and rest assured, that when it is vitally possessed it will mar sin ; you will not be able to take pleasure in the follies and vanities of life as you used to do. But there is much more pleasure in religion than in sin. I am aware that some professors of religion have quoted Dr. Watts, for the allowance of carnal pleasures :—

"Religion never was designed
To make one pleasure less."

But religion is designed of God to cast off every thing wicked and wrong, and to produce every thing good and right. The fact is, if you knew the blessing of communion with God, peace of conscience, and the

fellowship of the sons of God, you would see that there is more perfect joy, peace, and satisfaction therein, than in all else beside. Hence the psalmist says, "In thy presence is fulness of joy." May the Lord write His truth in your hearts, and make you living epistles, known and read of all men ; and give you good reason to remember the funeral sermon preached for Mr. Joseph Sedgwick.

The services of this day have been anxious matters with me. I feel I have been placed in both a pleasurable, and a painful position. In regard to my worthy brother who occupied this pulpit, I own it was very far from my thoughts that he would be so soon taken away ; but the Lord knows best. May He send you one in His own good time who shall feed you with knowledge and understanding. His end was peace. I feel there is no need to say much about him. We don't want a death-bed scene to make a Christian of him. When persons come to their death-bed, who never knew anything of God while living, we are then glad to find anything like repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, as a ground to hope they have died in the Lord. We do not come here with this feeling in regard to our brother. When we look at an honourable life in profession for forty years, and a public ministry among you for nearly thirty years, these assure us of his character. In regard to his ministry, that does not call for our vindication, or justification. His words have been written in your hearts, and stamped with the approbation of the Almighty. In doctrine he was unimpeachable, in character unblemished, in experience sound. Well then, he requires no vindication. I knew him ; I had sweet fellowship with him ; I knew something of his temptations, and of his deliverances ; I knew something of his living, HIS WORK WAS HIS LIFE. What he lived upon, he fed you with. He was glad to gather honey from every flower, and when he had gathered it, he brought it to this hive. He would not have been happy to have lingered out an existence

away from his work, and useless to his flock. "If I could have my choice," he used to say, "let me put off my harness as honourably as I put it on. Let me live while I am useful, but when my work is done may I be taken home." He did not wish to be a burden to himself, to his family, to his people, and friends, if it were the Lord's will.

You feel a peculiar interest in him, and you well may. He was the means of gathering this church together ; and I suppose there are peculiar feelings in the bosom of a man, who has thus gathered a people in the midst of evil report and good report ; and who has lived down all that calumny might have wished to cast upon him, or his people. To you then, my friends, there was in him something peculiar. He was the instrument under God of bringing some of you to a knowledge of his truth. He has been a nursing father to you, and was the means of keeping you together in peace. Your souls' welfare lay near his heart, and you know it ; and I know your feelings were those of gratitude to him, as the instrument under God. He was blessed with a great power of government over you, and you loved and feared him.

For myself, I have been much profited by his friendship and communion. I wish I had some of his spirit. He lived so on the truth, that it was his greatest happiness when he had gleaned up anything, to bring it here, that you might partake of his joy.

But is the praise due to Joseph ? No ! to Joseph's God. There sits his poor relict ; had she been a tattling, mischief-making person, you would not have had your pastor seven years ; but she has been a quiet, peaceful, god-fearing woman ; and that saved him and you a deal of trouble. He lived his life with you. You have had the whole of his useful life as a minister of God. Do not neglect his widow. She has always been kind to you ; don't forget her, but endeavour in some measure to make up her loss.

In his last hours he could not write or speak, but motioned with his hand ; his lips moved ; he smiled ;

his arm dropped ; he sighed ; and went home. Thus died Joseph Sedgwick. His name is much respected in London ; hundreds in that great city respected and loved him. But his work is done ; the scene is closed ; and the Lord grant, that in the place of the father may come up the children. He was enabled to cast family, body, and soul upon Him who hath said, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He will sustain thee." I once more commend to your notice his partner and family. Pray take care of them.

If I have failed in my attempts this evening in the work assigned me, I regret it ; therefore take the will for the deed. I should be sorry to wound the feelings of any of the members of the family, who have my heart's best wishes for their temporal and spiritual welfare. I pray God blessings may shower around their paths, and that they may find the peace their father found, and know God, even as he knew Him. Amen.

The following Lines were written by Mr. Sedgwick in a Friend's Album :—

CAN you tell a burdened mind
Where he may deliverance find,
And forget the things behind ?

Through faith in Christ's blood.

But if guilt should rise again,
Dread of God, and fear of men ;
How could I be happy then ?

Through faith in Christ's blood.

But if wrath should threaten me,
Satan my accuser be ?
God will then deliver thee,

Through faith in Christ's blood.

If the fiery law appear,
And Jehovah seem severe,
How can I extinguish fear ?

Through faith in Christ's blood.

But if unbelief should roll
Surging waters o'er my soul,
How can I the force control ?
Through faith in Christ's blood.

I must die ! What will you say
When all things here must pass away ?
Shall I find mercy in that day
Through faith in Christ's blood ?

Yes, Jesus Christ will heal thy wound ;
In him you shall be surely found,
With everlasting glory crown'd,
Through faith in his blood.

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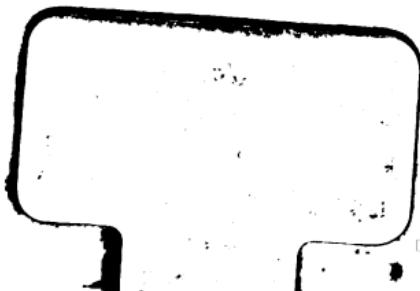
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